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PHILO.

We gave last week some notice of this remarkable poem. For the benefit of such of our readers as may not be able to get the book, and as furnishing specimens of its quality, we shall here give liberal extracts from it. The principal personages are Philo, an enthusiastic Christian reformer, and Annie to whom he is betrothed, the angel Gabriel, who conveys him over the whole earth and into it, three sisters, Faith, Hope and Love, the Wandering Jew, and Charles, a Skeptic. There are other subordinate characters, who add much to the variety and interest of the drama. The terrible evils that oppress the land, Intemperance, Slavery and War, are drawn in the boldest colors. Gabriel and Philo reach Mexico during the war.

Philo. My faith
Is sprained; it cannot walk But let me know
The worst, and hang my hope meanwhile, on horn
Of the pale moon. How can the sun shine here?

Phantasm of War. Ha! Gabriel, thou art too late. The war
Exists,—thou'lt not blame me for pushing it.
I am distressed for thee, dear Philo; why
So sad, thy look replete with rue?

Philo. Thou art
Not devil damned, but devil glorified.

War. Thou art quite complimentary. Work on,
My daughters; never mind this driveller.

After this, some of the terrible workings of the war are shown, and Philo, overpowered by them, exclaims:

Philo. God remains. O Thou
Inscrutable, my blindness bows to Thee!
My troubles shore upon thy bosom, God;
In this thy sufferance of wrong, let not
My feeble will be harassed. Thou art just;
But spare my country; let returning love
Forestall the course of doom, prevent the law
Of ruin. Ope the eyes of all our rulers,
Supremest councils of the nation bring
To penitence. The people's passions wild,
And cruel selfishness, consume before
The brightness of the Coming of thy Son:
Renew the hour, lift up the prostrate times.

At the thought of slavery he says,

The South I love, its clime, its fruit, its birds
That on New England summers sweetly flute;
Its people too, and their humanities;
I love their interests as much as they;
There are magnific spirits there, and thoughts
Of highest augury. But ah: there is
A system there, that double-knots those states
In curses, lanefully ubiquitous,
Invisibly inclenching all our hearts,
That makes me hackle when I have gone there.
The North is not pure, but its vice, each wise
And prudent hand may clip. Authority
Does not compel to dumbness, nor is sin
The underprop of our establishment.
Reform is free, each bird sings its own song;
E'en selfishness is friable; who lists
May quit the lump he does not like.

These extracts may give some idea of the philanthropy of the poem, which through all the violence of its emotions at the sight of wrong never loses its temper, or its feeling of compassion for the wrong-doer. Through the whole are sprinkled passages of quiet beauty and loveliness. After surveying the terrible evils that prey upon the earth, we have the following scene.

Annie. Philo, look here! Upon a bed of leaves
A woman sleeps; some gentle lady, sooth,
Such beautiful conditions; haste and see.
The Virgin's face, and Rosalie's fair hand!
Who can it be? Shall we awaken her?
What mortal anguish can have sought repose
In such a spot?

Philo. Wait! Gabriel approaches,
With sign of explication.

Annie. What is this?
No girl of my acquaintance wears a robe
Like that.

Gabriel. The Spirit of Love you behold.
She's dead asleep, nor can you waken her.

Annie. Beneath this eglantine two others lie.

Gabriel. They are Love's sister spirits, Faith and Hope.
Love queenly leader of the Sacred Three,
Vagarious through the earth, fell heart heavy;
She made no interest, and did no good,
She said, and would be put to sleep, a time,
And times, and half a time; her sisters eke
Did supplicate the same; 't was ours to lay
That spell upon them.

Annie. Thou'rt the counter-charm;
I beg of thee revive them; I would hear
The voice of Love, and learn the mystery
Of Faith and Hope.

Gabriel. Spirit of Love, arise;
A mortal love is ready for thy hour.

Spirit of Love. Is't morning, Gabriel? Has that Day come?
You wake us soon, meseems; I just began
My dream, a dream of goodness on the earth.

Gabriel. Good Love, and fairest of all spiritual names,
I knew thou wouldst rejoice to see these two,
An' thou shouldst choose to fall asleep thereafter,—
Philo and Annie, pledged for wedlock now,
Long since to every virtue spoused, arrayed
In wedding garments when the Lord shall come.

Annie. Divinest! kiss these erring lips, and like
The altar-coal, it takes my sin away.
I'd linger in thine eyes, as night in lap
Of day; pursue thee, as a cloud the sun;
And when thou sleepest, let me be thy dream,
Philo and me! Art thou blest Mary's daughter;
And sister too of Jesus, holy one,
Begotten of the same o'ershadowing?

Love. Sweet voice, and strange as sweet! Not thus to be
Addressed, my common lot. Is the new tone
Found out, that every tongue would melodize?
Thou art the very woman of my dream,
I trow, and he was also there, and more,
Both men and women.

Annie. Our good friends, belike.

Love. "Philo!" I like that name, it is so near
To what I am. Is the war ended? What
New signs are stirring?

Gabriel. Nay, it is not ended;
And if it were, *all* is not ended, sure.

Love. Is this thy welcome? I will dream again.
Renew the untroubled trance, O Gabriel.

Annie. O, do not disallow our springing joys.

Gabriel. Be comforted, good Love; thou'rt waxen pale,
Paler than eighteen hundred years ago,
When we had such a fete in Heaven, and thou
Didst start for Earth, all ardent as a youth,
Singing and merry-making all the way.
Faith's cross is sadly jagged and weather-worn.
Part of Hope's anchor too I see is gone.

Spirit of Hope. We had a dreadful gale; all Christendom
Brake loose, as if the nether fires had gone
Delirious;—my anchor dragged and parted.

Faith. I held my cross in every church and house,
And vestry room, o'er the communion table;
They trod it under foot in broils of sect,
And knocked it from my hand with iron creeds.

Hope. Love said, Return to heaven; but I had left
One fluke.

Faith. My cross could do good service yet.

Love. I was not well received on mortal ground.
Allwheres I went, in Christ's persuasive name,
Enforcing love; the love of man to man,
Of neighborhood to neighborhood, of sect
To sect of party too to party, of nation
To nation. Current as the air, I would
Have swathed the earth; from every fountain sprung,
That every man from his domestic well
Might draw his bucket full. But fear congealed
All hearts, like winter. 'T was not hate, at first,
Or any depravation of desire.

Faith. Indeed, 't was not. Beside these fearful ones,
At their own firesides, I have sat, and they
Disowned all spitefulness; and earnest spake
Of how they wished to love, and how they tried
To love, how they would give all they were worth
To love, but dare not. Then I visited
The other side, and found the same sad tale—
Both parties feared to love each other.

. . . . .

Faith. In every human breast, withal,
There's love enough to float the Pleiades;
This I believe, as strange as 'tis; enough
To fill a city, would they draw it off,
As they have treated Lake Cochituate.
We've seen a million individual souls
That had this love, but knew not how, or feared,
To loosen it; who took my cross, and carved
Its image from the substance of their hearts,
Then hiding it, for prudence, or for shame.

Love. I would unbind humanity, dispark
These secret treasuries of love, unearth
This frightened confidence, this needful trust
Bring face to face; take off the crust from deeps,
Volcanic deeps, of pure and gentle feeling,
And let the honeyed lava overspread
The people. Burke and Robespierre had hearts
Alike, and needs, and aims; and might, as brothers,
Have taken counsel of each other, worked
In one another's gardens knelt together
At the same shrine of universal good.
Calhoun and Garrison are one in soul,
Though in each other's eyes they see a devil.
'Twixt man and man, the State inshades itself,
Or now, the Church, perhaps; however birthed,
There is a dread of seeing what one is,
Of being what one should be, and of taking
What man himself, or God, would freely give.
When one goes forth, they run as from a ghost.

Hope. We fell one winter day upon a woodman;
His axe snapped keenly through the frozen umbrage;
His grizzly beard was tricked with icicles;
His flesh was tender as a child's; he took
Us to his lodge and stirred the fire, and spread
A blouse, whereon we sat. We talked together,—
His tough soul listened as he were enchanted;
And O! to see his face perspire, and how
His spirit came and went, was beautiful.
He said our words did shake his feelings, like
An apple-tree; the ripened fruit fell off;
And he was glad that any valued what
He was, and did, and inward grew; that there
Alone, in winter, the Beatitudes
Were precious to him, as his daily bread,
And that he had four stalwart sons, just such
As he, who worked with him, and felt with him;
Then absent hauling timber to the Lake.

Faith. There are some clergymen—I know them well—
Having Christ's image and his superscription;
Great souls, at sea, whose coming into port
The world may look for by the first fair wind.

Hope. Dost recollect that Frenchman, who received
And treated us so kindly, owned himself
A pupil in the school of love, and hoped
That we would call and see him frequently?

Faith. We visited a college, where were minds
On tiptoe, looking for the breaking East.

Love. How certain Theologicals replied
That we were wanton Antinomians,
Had best be off, and pelted us, and made
Us run for life, I think you've not forgotten.

Faith. Nor how a sculptor sculptured us in marble,
Nor how a poet wrote us gilt-edged sonnets;
A preacher spake of us in metaphor,
A farmer let us ride upon his cart,
A ferryman took us gratis o'er a river,
A milliner copied us in three rag dolls,
A noble lady asked us to a party,
Because we were so pretty, so she said,
And let you kiss her baby, Love, declared
Our looks betrayed some princely lineage,
And pity 'twas our fortunes had decayed.
A little boy gave us a pint of beech-nuts;
The Sheik of Tripoli on each bestowed
A cashmere shawl; the Blackfoot Indians held
A council with us, said our word was good;
An old man told us we were smart young girls.
Now, Sister Love, do not forget these things.

Love. Dear, bright-eyed Faith, I'm not insensible
To what thou speakest, less to what thou art;
A phosphorescent root that lights the dusk
And lonesome hour. When we have cuddled down
Together in the storm, thy lively mood
Has kept us warm; and sometimes made us gay.
I've sailed upon an iceberg, till it reached
The tropics, where it melted. When will melt
These frozen nations, whose collisions dire,
And booming imminence, doth fright the earth!
The Sun of Righteousness shines cold and dull
Through wintry fogs of prevalent decline.
The best of men do button up their coats,
Increase their wood piles; there's no heat abroad.
Revivalists but make a muddy March.
Poets, will they not rise, the Prodigals,
And go unto their Father? The Nine Girls,
How long shall they supplant the Son of God,
Phœbean brooks be sought, the Well of Life
Given to cant and the conventicle?
Must Shelley's great heart perish, as a waif,
With none to save, and multitudes to tear?
We found him, like a pear in middle winter,
Neglected on the tree, stiff, shrivelled, white
His fellows lay in warm affections garnered.
We would have cheered him, but we came too late
And could no more than shrive his soul for heaven.
Has Woman no more excellent device
Than gossip, worsted work, and drilling ears?
Shall the essays of Art and Eloquence
Never surpass the gelid, brittle foam,
That rises through the ice-flaws in the river?
O, would the heart of human kind refund
The pearls, and gems, and golden argosies
Absorbed within its depths! The Holy Ghost,
Christ, Beauty, Prophecies, the stars, the flowers,
The dreams of youth, and genius' affluence,
Impulse of virtue, all has man received.
The largesses of God, his new year's gifts,
To be accounted for. I pardon much,
And more extenuate. There are some things,
Here and hereafter, irremissible.
I would join man and man, fold realm in realm,
Reticulate the surface of the earth
With chains of loving minds, all hand in hand;
Give slips of heavenly bloom to every child,
While Faith and Hope should teach the culturing;
Sin-buried life exhume; with silver trump
Should be announced the Resurrection Morn;
The disembodied Soul of Goodness find
Its heaven here, new heaven promised long—
Where now? The sky is dark, and Hope, I know,
Is tired. Shall we not sleep awhile, collect
Our wandering energies, or dream, forsooth,
Merganthum-like, that shuts in lowery weather?

Annie. That may not be; thou wouldst impose regret
Perdurable on transports of the hour.
Go hence with me, and make my home thy home.
Dear Love, have I one selfish thought, or one
Untoward character, or one impure
Respect of life, or any dissonance
Of universal harmony, I bare
My soul to thee; cleanse me throughout. Faith, Hope,
A presence most desired, come dwell with us;
Sit in my chamber, read my books, and play
To me, for ye are musical; my friends,
Not great, but good, you would be pleased to know.

Love. Annie, accepting soul, do not be pained
For us; no cold, or damp, or pestilence
Can reach us, nor doth solitude affray.
Whom we obey, in whom your ransom lies,
He had not where to lay his head. Go home;
We will see you erelong, and your good friends.
Having, you take us; cherishing, we dwell
With you. Our spirit, not our persons, you desire.
Possessed of these, we are your guests and self,
Our essence fused in all humanity,
Our voices heard on every tongue, our eyes
Beaming from every eye, and in the street
The Loving, Faithful, Hopeful, walking, then
Vanish our forms, ourselves remain.

We must close with a few shorter extracts, which with what we have already quoted must, we think, show the author to be, in many ways, a writer of no common power.

Voice of the Wisdom of God. Philo, my child,
Thy prayer I hear, thy wish before me comes.
To human weakness all cannot be known;
Humility must wait, and work, and find
Its end in doing; time resolves itself.
'Fore valor Evil fleeth; turns to Good.
I give you ears, hear; feet, walk; eyes, behold.
The Future opens as you go along,
Sufficient for itself, in weal, in woe.
Beyond the mountains I am; there are inns
For travelling souls. Go quietly to bed,
And leave the morrow's sun with me, and do
Not tie it to your window. Work as works
The ant, you shall have store in harvest time.

. . . . .

He liveth for himself, who lives for me,
God's glory lying in man's excellence.

. . . . .

From the beginning, Philo, until now,
The pure in heart their God have seen. He gave
Celestial fire to all accepting souls,
And laid no curse upon the distribution;
Encompassed Earth with swords of cherubim,
Nor hath an evil thing gone into it;
His blue eye watched its sleeping and its waking,
And motherly his winds have fanned its heat;
The lonely sparrow-cry of grief and woe,
In Christian or in Heathen realms, he hears;
Renews the years of earth, and every spring
Gives it away to man, as a young bride.

. . . . .

God feeds the Earth with his essential life;
All being, space, and time, he cherishes;
His Spirit, weaving spheres together, veils
Itself beneath its gorgeous handiwork.

. . . . .

Man's will, the last and noblest work of God,
Endowed with all resource and perquisite,
Set up in large munificence of good,
Must keep its own accounts, and if it run
Behind, blame not the majesty of Heaven.

. . . . .

Not man, 'tis God, still waits the better day,
While Mercy's hand is full of pardonings.
The final or the primal cause of sin
'Tis not for men to know, theirs to amend.
God keeps his secrets to himself.

PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY.

Notwithstanding all this, there are more points of union than of difference between philosophy and religion. In the ultimate conditions of truth they must perfectly coincide. They are different terms for expressing the different ways of attaining different degrees of the same sublime science of nature and of life, of reason and of faith, of God and of man. It is very difficult to define and to distinguish the respective provinces of theology and philosophy. Some elements are common to them both, as to air and water; and, like air and water, theology and philosophy may each, under some circumstances, be converted into the other. The difficulty of distinguishing between *religion* and philosophy is much the same, for religion has a signification equally wide with that of philosophy. But the difficulty is of course diminished, though not removed, when we restrict the comparison to philosophy, and some one specific form of religion; as, for instance, when we ask what is the distinction between the Christian religion and philosophy. In Egypt, Greece, and Rome, philosophy and religion were essentially identical; but Christianity is generally regarded as having separated them, and raised many issues between them. Philosophy is understood to proclaim that man must trust for his guidance to his own mental powers, helped by instruction from other men of higher mental powers. But the religious experience of some quickened souls under Christian influences,—of such as Augustine, Fox, Bunyan, and Edwards, who have moved millions,—has compelled Philosophy either to admit a more powerful teacher than herself, or to claim to be that teacher uttering new lessons with unfamiliar tones. Any attempt to confound revelation with philosophy must begin by doing violence to the well-established meaning of words, and with such tricks upon language, the lessons which language is used to convey become unintelligible and chaotic. Revelation has its source from above, and is a raying out of light and truth towards the earth, from the central Sun of light and truth. Philosophy expresses the efforts made by man to interpret nature and life for himself. Egypt had science. The Greeks had philosophy. The Jews had neither of these, but they had a pure and a divine religion, which both Egypt and Greece lacked.

The broad question presents itself to our notice, whether speculative philosophy can help the cause of popular religion, that is, can deepen, strengthen, elevate, and enforce the influence of pure religion upon the mass of human beings. If we were forced to answer this question directly and without opportunity to define and qualify, we should say that popular religion cannot be greatly helped by the *processes* of speculative philosophy, but may find most valuable assistance in its *results*.

Religious truth is designed for, and is needed by, the whole human race. It must, therefore, be simple, easy to be understood, plain in its lessons, and authoritative in its sanctions. But the average degree of intellectual power in the human race is below what philosophers in general estimate it to be. The highest facts of science are made intelligible to but a few of each generation, but a knowledge of them is not absolutely essential. Religious truths are necessary for the happiness and the virtue of all, and should therefore be understood, be made credible and authoritative for all. Now a sufficient token of the futility, if not of the absolute worthlessness, of very much of the religious philosophizing of the present day, is found in the fact, that not one person among a hundred can understand or appreciate it. Who can fail to note that some of our thinkers and writers are offering to the world, as religion, views and processes of thought which are within the compass of only a very few minds? True philosophy, if we could find it, and be sure of it when we had found it, would be true religion. But if all the world must wait till philosophy has settled its disputes and established its theories, many whole generations also must die, before true, simple religion has been wrought out by philosophy. He must have but a visionary idea of human nature, and of the amount of intelligence in the mass of men, who supposes that philosophy can ever be a sufficient substitute or an equivalent for the Christian religion with common people. We might as well undertake to make astronomers out of miners and colliers, as to offer the abstrusities of metaphysics to plain men and women, instead of the Law and the Gospel. Nor will science ever work out a religion for our race. The heavens may disclose more of their marvels, but the heavens might as well form an impenstrable marble dome a few miles above our heads, for all the aid which their masses of mere matter could be made to furnish to man's spirit, independently of the plain, authoritative lessons of revealed religion.

Nothing passes out of the mind so quickly as do philosophical distinctions in the terms and methods of argument. Only those who have a logical talent, and love argumentative exercises, can retain the philosophical attention, and acuteness of mental perception. With the mass of men these efforts are vain. And this unstable memory for terms and distinctions in argument must likewise affect the results which are expected from them. This fact alone might prove that the processes of speculative philosophy are not available to the mass of men.

Yet it would be manifestly unfair to argue this question only by referring to the lack of capacities in the mass of men to understand, and of a willingness to apply themselves to, the abstrusities of metaphysics. The conclusion reached by such a mode of arguing would be but a return to the point from which the argument started, namely, that as the mass of men will not and cannot give themselves to metaphysics, therefore metaphysics are useless to them. But the same might be said of mathematics, of astronomy, of scientific agriculture, and even of Biblical criticism; for these are of use to millions who cannot follow their processes. The form of the question, therefore, must be changed, from the *processes* of philosophy which the mass of men cannot or will not pursue, to the *results* of philosophy. Then, as the mass of men are reached by their teachers, we may ask whether a legitimate philosophy will help these teachers to reach the mass of men and affect them religiously. Will the results of wise metaphysical inquiries be auxuiliary to the communication and impression of religious truth? Only stupidity or bigotry could answer this question in the negative.

All the results of earnest thought and patient inquiry, pursued under the guidance of a right spirit, must ever be favorable to faith, and to a religion of which faith is the chief pillar. In exact proportion as works on speculative philosophy are multiplied, their unsatisfactory character will appear to those who may look to them to explain all problems or to serve as substitutes for religious faith with its inspired materials. But philosophy as an aid to faith is a very different thing from philosophy as a substitute for faith. Philosophical views of the Scriptures, and of the plan and substance of the Christian religion, might be made very invigorating to the minds of the believing. But it would be difficult to conceive or to realize the idea of a philosophical treatise which might supersede the Bible, so as to take its place in public or family worship, in the lonely hours of absence or travel, in the sick-chamber, or by the death-bed.

There can be no question but that the religious faith of very many persons might be cheered and strengthened, if they could be made to philosophize,—to reason, weigh, and deliberate, and thus to confirm what they wish to believe, and to remove objections which perplex or confound them. Thus, for instance, a person of fair intelligence may say,—"I am troubled by the fact, that any evil should exist under the government of a perfectly wise, powerful, and good God." Now we may quote Scripture texts to that man, and yet not satisfy him, because they are not suited to his state of mind,—they are not sufficient for him. They are fair conclusions, perhaps, but he wishes to know the processes involved in them. It is somewhat as if you should offer him a gross amount as wages for work done at intervals, in broken days, and with deductions made for his waste or your charges against him, without stating to him the particulars. He wishes to know the intricate mathematics of the account. The principle of faith in one who is looking at the evil that is in the world, so far from being able to receive the conclusion as stated positively in Scripture texts, is staggered and weakened by those statements. Philosophy may relieve his difficulties, and it may not. For then the question comes up, Is the man able and willing to philosophize? Can he sustain his mental attention? Can he keep the thread of an argument? Will he be patient, discriminating, and candid? Above all, will he retain the principle of faith with which he started, or part with it, taking as a substitute his limited discoveries in the open, but bewildered, field of truth? This supposed case presents to us fairly the province of speculative philosophy, with the conditions of its profitable use. Its province is specific and limited, not general or universal. It is to explain, to illustrate, to relieve, and to confirm truth. Its value depends on the intelligence, the mental power, the discrimination, the penetration, the candor, of him who employs it.

Philosophy and faith may both deal with the same truths which religion proposes to man, but they deal differently with them. Those shining truths, like the stars, we are always to see, and contemplate, and inquire of, but never on earth are we to approach nearer to them. So says religion, and she commits those truths to the keeping of faith. But philosophy wishes to approach nearer to them and to look behind them. There is no disguising that that is the uneasy wish, the proud aim, of philosophy. Thus the profitable exercises of philosophy are those which recognize, which discuss, and argue for the existence and the authority of those truths. The unprofitable exercises of philosophy are those which attempt to give the whole explanation of those truths, or to pierce through them, or to look behind them. Faith is the home, the resting-place of the soul, where truth comes to nourish it.—Philosophy is the course of wanderings and excursions. Philosophy and religion make men desire truth on many vital subjects. Religion brings that truth to men, philosophy sets them to searching after it themselves. Of that portion of truth which religion leaves undisclosed or unexplained, she asks of faith to be the voucher. Of that portion of truth which philosophy fails to discover, she is always doubtful and unhappy because of the doubt. Faith must come in for its full authority, either at the beginning or at the end of philosophy,—or man's wisdom. Of very many of the Hebrew titles in the Old Testament, the name of God makes one syllable, standing sometimes the first, sometimes the last. But whether that syllable be at the beginning or at the end of the word, the human name is consecrated by the divine. *El*-ijah was a prophet of God, Gabri-*el* is an angel of God. God with man, and man with God, mean much the same thing. After this example, philosophy must attach itself to faith, and allow faith to form a part of it, if philosophy would be a consecrated science.

[Christian Examiner.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

Who that comprehends the mission of life, or is capable of any serious and spiritual reflection, is not impelled to retire within himself for a moment as the funeral of the departed year passes by, and comparing his hopes, his purposes, and his vows, with what he has accomplished or even attempted, ask himself, "What have I done!" But it is a bitter exclamation rather than an interrogation; for as he clearly sees and is compelled to acknowledge to himself, little has been achieved at the end of the year of what he had proposed and expected at the beginning: and his spirits, saddened by the conviction that his life has been running to waste, finds relief only in the hope of a better future. Is he assured of this? Is not the past the prophet of the future? Will he not be what he has been, and do as he has done before? Will it not be at the obsequies of life itself as it is at the funeral of another year, in the review of which the actor will be compelled, as he passes from the stage where he had resolved and hoped to achieve so much, to repeat the self-condemnatory exclamation, What have I done? As he entered the race of life, gazing admiringly upon the new objects breaking upon his eye at every step's advance, what ardor fired his heart! What hopes sported dazzlingly before his mind! What strength of purpose nerved him for vigorous action! Have these hopes been realized; these purposes been executed, and his efforts so far as made, been crowned with success? Has he accomplished what he purposed? Is he what he hoped to be? Has he attained to the goodness or greatness he proposed and expected? Is he ready to die, and leave for record and remembrance only what he has done and what he is? The question need not be answered; in the shame and sorrow of unwise and inefficient living, every one wraps his face in his mantle in the review of the departed year.

To the large and noble mind, still more to the christian, nothing is more painful than the thought of living idle and uselessly—of doing nothing and being nothing. The immortal spirit in man shows its divinity in its longings and struggles for something greater and better. Not for selfish ends, but from the spontaneity of its own nature, it is ever restless and intent on achievement, and seeks for praise not as an object and consummation, but as the evidence and seal of praise-worthy doings. But who attains the ends he proposes? Not the orator, not the poet, not the scholar, not the artist, all of whom come short of the ideal form of excellence they saw and after it pursued; not the philanthropist, who dies amidst degradation and suffering still invoking his aid; not the Christian, who whatever he has done, can hardly see the trace of it in the world's condition; not the minister, so many of whose parishioners remain ignorant despite his instructions, and go to the grave without hope, notwithstanding his tears and warnings. At the close of their career, that view of the unattained, that consciousness of ineffectual and unworthy living, which had all along been so discouraging and depressing to the noble minded and the good, will be yet clearer and deeper; and forgetting what they had done in the recollection of the infinitely more and greater they had not accomplished or attempted, they will select for the discourses to be preached at their funerals the text, so beautifully and touchingly in harmony with his character, directed by the good and apostolic Dr. Church of Pelham to be preached from at his decease: "The Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day!"

It is some relief, however, to know, that much of the good we may have proposed and struggled to accomplish, was unattainable through the strength of opposing circumstances and the feebleness of our own powers. There is also a copartnership in effect; alone our labors may be imperceptible in their influence upon society and the world; but conjoined with others wiser and better, their natural and decreed result shall be the filling of the earth with the knowledge and glory of God. Nor is life any more than death the whole of us. Beyond is a career boundless in its extent, unobstructed in the progress, where every worthy aspiration shall be gratified, every attempt for good or goodness be succeeded, and the purposes which are now formed and cherished but frustrated, be carried out to successive issue, and the whole be crowned with an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Courage, then, christian soldier! one more year of struggle, and then perchance the victory. [Cong. Journal.

The following passage from Mr. Chapin's Sermons is a striking and as we believe no more than just description of the influence which Christianity has had on the progress of society.*

That the Kingdom of God is coming, I would observe, in the first place, is indicated by the fact that the most civilized communities of the world are in a far better condition now, than the same class of communities were before the advent of Jesus. Whatever seasons of corruption may have intervened, there has never been, since then, any absolute decline in society. The pulse of improvement has beat steadily through the most stagnant periods. The darkest ages were lighted by a higher intelligence, and animated by a profounder morality, than Egypt, or Greece, or Rome, in their best estate. Of course I do not speak now of the sublime and chosen few, but I contrast the *masses* of one epoch with the *masses* of another. And I would bear upon this, as a main point—that the general operation of Christianity is to be compared with the general operation of elements which existed before it, and that its progressive influence is to be detected in general results. I say, then, that the moment Christianity struck the earth, it was evident that a new and astonishing force was in the world—a force affecting the mass of humanity, and not merely a few individuals, a sect, or a nation. Yes, a new force it was that burst as it were from the very core of the world, breaking the old order of things in pieces, dashing down its marble superstitions, injecting a distinct peculiarity among its gigantic customs, and leaving a chasm between ancient and modern history.

That dividing-line which no eye can miss, is the threshold whence the Kingdom of God began its march through the earth. Since then it has been evident that a moral Power is among men, accomplishing vast and blessed changes. Whatever may have been the specific differences between Athens and Rome for instance, they bear a common resemblance indicating the operation of common ideas. But go forward as many years from the preaching of the Apostles, as backward previous to their mission, and see what a revolution had been wrought in the very heart of society. We may find, perhaps, a less refined literature, less graceful manners, and, on the whole, a ruder civilization—but a far healthier one. A civilization, too, containing a spring of progress, the energy of which we feel to day, and the limit of which we dare not prophecy. We shall find the uncultivated masses, bound by sanctions which the great men of Paganism could not fix, and lifted by a faith which they could not obtain.

And see what ideas have come down to us since the coming of Christ; ideas whose very *familiarity* constitutes the argument I am now urging. The great doctrine of human brotherhood, of the worth of a man; that he is not to be trod upon as a footstool, or dashed in pieces as a worthless vessel; and the doctrines that grow out of this, the doctrines of popular liberty, education and reform, all these have become active and every-day truths only under the influence of Christianity.

Consider, too, those ideas of religion which breathe around us in the atmosphere of every Sabbath, which consecrate and lift up the humblest congregation—the conceptions of God, of human life, of mortality. How changed is the attitude of men respecting spiritual things! How has this material sphere burst into infinite relations, and the grave lost its terror. How are the guilt and privation of life girdled about with institutions of philosophy, and its afflictions spanned by the midnight firmament of faith!

But, contrast the general moral aspects of humanity before and since the advent of Christianity, and, moreover, select the most unfavorable point for modern morality. It is a perplexing question whether, as nations advance in refinement, they do not inevitably decline in their moral life. We may inquire, therefore, whether Christianity itself has a conservative influence sufficiently vigorous to prevent its communities from sliding into the worst abominations of Pompeii, or Corinth. In one word, let us take the problem presented by great cities—Paris, London, New-York, and we shall detect, I think, even in such societies, the indications of a moral life far better than the best results of ancient civilization. Think of the *brutality* of those ancient times. Contrast the feelings with which grave senators and chaste women thronged the bloody amphitheatre, with the disgust and indignation which so generally follow the least imitation of such spectacles, at the present day. Well has it been observed, too, that "Christianity has *expurgated* the literature of Greece and Rome." While now immorality is introduced by stealth among the productions of the pen, and these are productions of the meanest sort, how unblushingly did the best minds of old, not only by *permission*, but by *expectation*, blot their pages with filth and vice. If such things are done now, they are not done openly by writers like Catullus or Juvenal. Again, consider how vice now, even when practised, hides itself, is protested against, is repudiated even by the hypocrite who indulges it. Certainly, the respected and the wise condemn it, and such a protest is essential to both their wisdom and their reputation. No one dares approve it, like Cato in the street, or Cicero in the forum. But, above all, our religion confronts such iniquity, wars against it, and moves us to overcome it. Can we say this of the religions of antiquity? Can we say this of those who attended a Lupercalian or a Bacchic festival? Even when corruption in modern society is deep, and seems deepening, the true conception remains. There is a moral ideal, a popular standard of virtue, that rebukes this corruption, and that furnishes a recuperative influence.

RELIGION ALWAYS A FRIEND.

[This is the title of a discourse preached by our friend Rev. J. H. HEYWOOD, of Louisville, when in severe affliction, and we publish it entire, that it may reach and comfort other hearts.]

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.—PSALM CXXVI. 5, 6.

This language of the sacred writer is very touching. It cannot be read in any frame of mind, in any season of life, without affecting one by its pathos and simple beauty. But in sorrow's season it is peculiarly dear. Its tenderness of tone harmonizes with the heart, when the heart in its sensitiveness yearns for tenderness; its hopefulness of spirit is encouraging to the soul, when the fainting soul especially needs encouragement.

As are the tone and spirit of this passage, so are the tone and spirit of the whole Bible. The sacred volume is characterized by a tone of tenderness, and pervaded by a spirit of hopefulness. How could it be otherwise, when such are the characteristics of the religion of which the Bible is the expression? Religion's tones are tones of tenderness, and her spirit is always a spirit of hope. About her there is nothing harsh nor disheartening. She comes to us as an angel. No! let me use a more familiar word—the earthly synonyme of that heavenly word—she comes to us as a friend, a genuine friend, and wears the look, and speaks the words of a friend. Her countenance is serious, but not sad. Her eye, as it turns lovingly upon us, beams with benignity; and when she takes our hand into her hand, we cannot but feel that its gentle pressure is the pressure of the hand of affection; and her voice, soft and low, yet penetrating as that heard by the Prophet of old, we recognize as the voice of friendship. She comes to us as a friend, and to discharge the highest office of friendship—*to lead us to God.* She would take us by the hand, and lead us into the very presence of that Friend of friends She would place us immediately before Him, and have us look upon His countenance, knowing that if we look upon it we cannot but trust in Him, and that if we trust in Him we shall not faint nor fall.

Perfect trust in God. This is the great end which religion would effect. This is the great lesson taught by the Saviour; a lesson, which, if thoroughly learned by God's pupils in his school of life, will make all the discipline of that school—sad and joyous—profitable to all.

Perfect trust in God. Blessed spirit! With this spirit in his heart, the pilgrim of life cannot be gloomy nor despondent. Clouds may gather over him, but through them he sees Heaven's light still shining. Night may spread her veil around, but she cannot shut out the mildly-beaming, ever-beaming stars. He may be called to go into the desert, but birds will bear him Prophet's food. The path of life may seem to lead only through a wilderness, but he will be guided to many a green spot, where, by the cool waters and under the spreading palm, he may find refreshment and rest.

Dear friends, I have come to our sanctuary this morning to engage in its services, in the hope that these services, with the blessing of God, may help us, you and me, to attain more and more of the divine spirit.

At this time, I could not, if I would, speak to you, except from the experience of the past few days. I would not, if I could, for it seems to me that God has drawn very nigh, and spoken with peculiar solemnity to you, as well as to me, and I would not that his presence should be unfelt, nor his words be uttered in vain.

And what does this experience, or, rather, what does God, speaking through this experience, bid me utter? Words of sadness and of gloom? O, no! God is very good, and he bids me speak, and, I trust, will kindly enable me to speak, words of gratitude and hope. I would lay no dark cypress bough upon the altar this morning, but would have my humble offering a branch, or a leaf even, from the Tree of Life, that stands ever-blooming fast by the river of God.

1. I would offer my tribute of gratitude to God, in the first place, because, when in his wise providence—before which I reverently bow—he saw fit to withdraw the light of my home, he suffered no cloud to shut out the light of his love. I felt, I now feel grateful, that the day which brought so great a change was one of Nature's loveliest, calmest days. It seemed to me as if nature wished to act towards me the part of the kindest friend. The serene air was in sweet accord with the gentle spirit who had been invited to breathe the air of heaven. The soft light of the sun appeared graciously to say, "God is still good." Under these influences, the remembrance of God's many and great kindnesses towards me became very vivid. The ten thousand mercies with which he has favored me passed before me, and each one, an angel of light, as it passed, softly whispered, "God is still good."

2. I would offer my tribute of gratitude to God for the many tokens of friendship which I received—genuine, Christian friendship, with its kindly, considerate sympathy, its warm and deep affection. It has seemed as if every effort which I have made to comfort the afflicted, every emotion of sympathy which I have cherished towards the mourner, had been a thousand fold repaid.—It has been to me a source of great consolation, that I have had, from so many of you, assurances, that in your hours of trouble my sympathy was not in vain, but helped you to bear up under your trials. Your sympathy has been very dear to me. From my very heart I thank you all.

3. I would offer my tribute of gratitude to the kind Father for the evidence which he has permitted me to behold of the power of religion to give loveliness in life, and peace in death.

It was granted unto me, through the period of our happy connection, to see the constantly deepening and widening influence of religion over the heart and life of her whom it was my privilege to know and love. Every month a tenderly-affectionate heart became more affectionate; a conscientious spirit became more sensitive, keener in its perceptions, more acute in its discrimination, and more resolute in its application of principle to life. The ideal of duty grew continually higher. The self-sacrificing spirit of Jesus became more and more pervasive of her whole being. The reign of God became more and more entire, reaching every thought, feeling and deed. While constantly becoming more humble, she grew more hopeful. She spake to me of the past year as one of inexperience, and in which she had not accomplished as much as she had desired; and she hoped that the coming year would be one of greater usefulness. She had formed resolutions and plans in regard to exertions for our Church and the poor, which attested the sincere desire of her heart to do good—resolutions which I doubt not, with the blessing of God, she would have carried out: for her's was a transparent and a lowly spirit, which recoiled from all insincerity and shrank from all hasty profession; and though of a quiet retiring nature, she had a decision of character which enabled her to do her appointed work.

It was not to be doubted, that one who so warmly welcomed religion in life, and surrendered herself so heartily and cheerfully to its influences, would be sustained by it in death. When told that her illness would probably prove fatal, she received the intelligence with composure.—She remarked, that the thought of death was not a strange thought to her, but one that she had long sought to make familiar; and that she would earnestly endeavor to be submissive to the will of the heavenly Father. She said, moreover—and she spoke it with gratitude—that all dread of the cold and lonely grave had been removed; and whenever afterwards she spoke of her death, it was with calmness.

The tenderest love for those around, and a never-failing thoughtfulness for their comfort, were sweetly blended with resignation to the Divine will. One expression touchingly exemplified the union of these feelings. She said to me, a few days before she passed away. "Mother will take care of the dear child;" and then, as if feeling my loneliness, she continued, "She will take care of you, too;" and then added, in trustful faith, "And God will take care of us all." It was trying to me to think of our approaching separation, but it was a dear and blessed thing to listen to the expression of a faith, which, without fear or misgiving, encircled us all, an undivided family—the one soon to be in Heaven, and those who were to remain a little longer on Earth, in the sustaining, sheltering arms of Almighty God.

4. I would offer my tribute of gratit

your soul the look of eyes purer and more loving than any that have glanced at you ye , and have throng into your mind, thoughts, O, so beautiful, and blessed, and great!" You will rejoice "that there is no day forbidden to inmortalize man ; that to-day, to-morrow, the day after, any day, gates may be thrown open, and you enter in, and gems and sapphires be poverty with you, and kings and princes an unheeded company."—You will feel "that death—the hourly possibility of it—death is the sublimity of life." And thus feeling, though you may go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, you shall come again with rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you ; and you shall verify the gracious promise that they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, January 12, 1850.

DEC. 18, 1849.

MESSRS. EDITORS.

. . . . . The number of Unitarians in this region is small. It being known that I sympathize with those who are called by that name, I am frequently asked to give an account of their opinions, and of the reasons on which they are founded. I cannot say that I have personally seen much of that bigotry or intolerance of which some complain. Indeed, the inquiries to which I refer, have been such as naturally arise among friends and neighbors who, on subjects of interest to them all, have not arrived at the same conclusions. I have often felt the want of more extensive information on theological subjects than I possess, and have very frequently wished for books containing a statement of the general views of Unitarians, which I could put into the hands of some of my neighbors. Can you name a few works suited to this purpose?

There is another point on which I would say a word. The Register must be taken by many situated like myself. Many read it whose minds are embarassed by the very questions which some years ago so agitated those who reside in your neighborhood. The subjects of the Trinity and Atonement are earnestly discussed, and occasion the most anxious thoughts to many who cannot receive the popular doctrines and can arrive at no clear and satisfactory conclusions of a different kind. They long for light. I suspect you have more such readers than you can imagine. Would it not be well for you, from time to time, to state your views on these disputed questions, in connection with a pretty full account of the reasons by which they are supported. If some of your readers are weary of such discussions, there are others who are most deeply interested in them.

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We think the suggestions of our correspondent worthy of consideration. So far as the doctrine of the Trinity is concerned, we will endeavor to state the way in which we are in the habit of regarding it.

1. In answer to our correspondent's first question, we would say that the best and most satisfactory Unitarian book with which we are acquainted, is the New Testament. We cannot conceive how the Unity of God and the dependence of Christ upon the Father, could be more impressively taught than in the Gospels. He who cannot find it there, will not and ought not to be convinced by the reading of any controversial work of theology. In our judgment, the best way of promoting Unitarian views respecting the nature and character of God, is to encourage a religious and intelligent reading of the Bible. We will only add that so far as they are concerned, who receive the Assembly's Catechism as a rule of faith, Unitarians differ from them more widely even, in their ideas of the *character*, than the *nature* of the Divine Being.

2. In reference to our correspondent's second suggestion, we will present a view of the subject which may, perhaps, help one to come to just and decisive conclusions respecting it. In discussing the subject with one of an inquiring mind, we should not dwell on disconnected texts, whose true meaning, when taken out of their connection, is so liable to be misunderstood, but should direct the attention more to the general spirit of the whole.

Suppose that an intelligent and inquisitive Asiatic in the heart of China or Hindostan, ignorant of Christianity, but who had heard something of it as one of the religions of the world, should wish to learn who Christ was, what authority the founder of this religion claimed, and what he himself claimed to be.

He would inquire for the means of knowledge. He would learn that there were four lives of Jesus written by his disciples or immediate followers, containing an account of his life from his birth to his death, and a record of his teachings. He might obtain a copy of the Gospels from some missionary. Here, he would say, is just what I wanted ; here are the original sources of knowledge. If he wish to learn who Jesus was, he would take these lives, these Gospels, and read them through, and we can hardly doubt that he would derive from the general tenor of the narrative a correct conclusion. We say the general tenor, for though he might be doubtful as to the meaning of occasional verses, he could not well mistake as to the general spirit and purport of the whole.

The question is, were an intelligent Asiatic, ignorant of Christianity and ignorant of all Christian controversies, to take up the Gospels for the purpose of learning who and what Jesus Christ claimed to be, would the history suggest to him that Jesus Christ claimed to be the Supreme Being?

If Christ were in any sense the Supreme Being, the life of Christ would be the life of Almighty God on earth. This fact would be the all-important one. It certainly would be sufficiently startling, not to be passed over in silence, if it were true. The gospels would be full of it.

Now, we ask, would the history of Christ convey to this Asiatic the idea that he was the Infinite and Eternal God, or another idea, namely, that he was the messenger, the mediator, the Son of God! We would ask these questions reverently. We confess that we almost shrink from them, although they are the questions which every one who speculates on this subject is obliged to ask.

When this Asiatic read that Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and grew in favor with God and with man, would he think he was reading what was intended to be the history of the eternal and unchangeable One? As he read that Christ ascended from the water of baptism, and that there came a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, —would it occur to him that he who is called the Son of God and said to be well pleasing in the sight of God, was himself the infinite God? Would it be suggested to him by the narrative that he who wept and prayed at the grave of Lazarus, was God? Having read in another place that God cannot be tempted of evil, would he dream that he who was forty days in the temptation of the wilderness, was Almighty God?

As he read how Christ went apart to pray, how he spent the night in prayer, how he retired at night to the garden of Gethsemane and there besought that the cup might pass from him, and then after a moment's conflict with himself, added, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done," as he read of the keen agony, would he imagine that he was reading the prayers of God and the sufferings of God?

And when he read of his being nailed to the cross, and during the extremity of his anguish heard him cry out,—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—could he think that he was reading of the crucifixion of God?

Again :—would the gospel narratives lead us to believe *that the Apostles thought that Christ was God?* If they believed the astounding fact that in the human body of Christ was folded up and confined—"an inseparable part of our person"—the illimitable God of the universe, there must have been a time when that fact was first communicated to them. That communication must, it would seem, have been more startling than any other that could have been made. It could not have been forgotten ; and such an event one would think could hardly have been omitted in the narrative. But there is no account from the beginning of Matthew to the end of Revelation of any such communication.

Would the manner, the conversation, the general history of the Apostles in their intercourse with Christ, lead us to think that they thought that they were holding intercourse, directly, face to face, with Almighty God?—When Peter rebuked Christ, did he think he was rebuking the God of earth and heaven? When the disciples sat at meat with Christ at the last supper, did they think that they were eating and conversing with that invisible God whom no eye hath seen, nor can see? Did his disciples, when fleeing from him at his apprehension, think that they were deserting the Almighty?

Did Judas, when he betrayed Christ, think that he was imprinting the kiss of treachery on the brow (what it is fearful but to think or write) of God. When Peter three times denied his Master, did he think that he was denying the Omnipotent God?

It is, we think, utterly impossible to imagine that the Apostles up to the time of Christ's death ever supposed him to be God. When did they learn this most momentous truth afterwards? We have no account of its being revealed to them. Did they believe it to be so after his death? Could they have believed Christ to be the Supreme Being, when, scattered in doubt and dismay at his death, they put so little faith in his promise that he should rise again, that they thought that the words of the women who first brought an account of the resurrection, were idle tales? When after his resurrection—as he was about finally to leave them — he said to them, that he was to ascend to "his Father and their Father, to his God and their God," did they doubt that God was his God? And finally, when the Apostles went forth to preach the Gospel to the ignorant Jews and heathen, when it was the purpose of their lives, to tell them who and what Christ was,—is it to be thought that the Apostles believed him to be God, when there is not to be found, in a single discourse recorded in the Acts, a word implying that he was equal to, or independent of the Supreme—when it is found in all their discourses that they speak of Christ as dependent on God—as sent by God—as teaching what God had first showed to him—as being not God, but the first-born of every creature?—Would they have spent so much time to prove that Jesus was the Messiah and Messenger of God, and never have spoken of his being God Himself? Can one be mistaken in believing as the Apostles taught, that Christ was sent by the Father—raised up to life by the Father—lives now by the Power of the Father—that he is the Son of God, whom the Supreme has exalted to His own right hand?

Again, the reader of the gospels finds that Christ was in the constant habit of *prayer*. He retired apart for secret prayer, he prayed for others, he commanded his followers to pray, and he himself set the example. Can any one think of prayer, of prayer such as the Saviour uttered, as the act of an Almighty Being? In the very idea of it, is not dependence implied? Surely, prayer is the very breath of dependence. When Christ prays, he reveals as no words could do, his dependence on the God to whom he prays.

We are making our remarks too long and must bring them to a conclusion. Many of the metaphysical discussions respecting the Divine nature seem to us out of place, if not presumptuous. In endeavoring to learn who Christ was, we would confine ourselves to what is recorded of Him in the Scriptures. It seems to us that one, unacquainted with the creeds and controversies of later times, would, from the simple reading of the gospels never have it suggested to him that Jesus Christ intended to represent himself, as being, in any sense, the Almighty God.

We will make one more suggestion to our correspondent. If he wishes to satisfy himself as to what the scriptures teach, let him read through the four Gospels, and in doing this, let him with a pencil draw a line against every passage, whose natural, unforced construction would suggest the idea of Christ's subordination to and dependence on the Father. Let him also draw a line against those passages which distinctly declare that he is one of three equal persons composing a Trinity. Let him omit those passages whose meaning is obscure, and which admit of being interpreted in consistency with the Trinitarian or Unitarian view, and confine himself to those parts whose meaning is plain and obvious. We will not say to what conclusions he might come ; but by taking this course, he will have collected the materials, on which to build up stable convictions of his own.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

This is a good form of words, the type of a glorious vision ; but has become a hackneyed phrase for wild and eccentric dreams of enthusiasts and schemers. As commonly employed, it designates the projection into the distant future of the forms, dogmas, idiosyncrasies and prejudices of the man or sect that uses it. But we feel unwilling to identify with the *church of the future* our own or any portion of the church that now is. We believe that each sect exists for certain uses, and must pass away when these are accomplished. Sects live, not by their errors, but by what portion of truth they respectively have attained. It is doubtless the province of each to develope and perfect some one department of Christian truth, duty or polity, to draw out its full capacities of good, to illustrate its potential tendencies to evil, to define and limit it, to incarnate and adorn it, and then in dying to bequeath the precious gift to the whole body of believers. Thus it may be the office of one denomination to cherish the principle of submissive, sanctifying faith ; of another, to mould into system and to commend by illustrious examples the practical ethics of Christianity. One may, in its excessive attachment to religious forms, draw out the resources of art and taste for the cultivation of piety ; another, while it spurns all outward aids, may open the paths and reveal the depths of contemplative devotion. One with dogmas too stern and gloomy to be true, may yet elaborate those pungent views of moral evil and its certain retribution which are the just foundation for "the fear of the Lord ;" another, too superficial in its note of sin and its regard for the element of law, may do an equally essential work in vindicating the divine love, and out-raying the beams of mercy which shine from the face of Jesus and from every page of his gospel. Thus, when there shall be "one fold," as there is "one shepherd," the church may not trace its descent from any one of the sects that now divide and mar its unity ; but may number among its "nursing fathers and nursing mothers" the truly devout of every name. This view is adapted at once to nourish sectarian zeal and to temper it with charity. Let those of each denomination, if sincere believers, speed the portion of the great work which God has given them to do. Yet let them not deem it the whole work ; but look with complacency and with cheerful hope on whatever of ardent zeal and earnest effort they may trace in their fellow-christians of whatever form or creed.

For the Register.

GOD OF THE CITY!

God of the city! Thou, who in the hush
And beauty of the earliest life didst say,
It was not good for man to be alone ;
Who settest him in families, and cast'st
The strong enduring bonds of love around
His inmost nature—from the loneliness
Of sleep and the retirement of the night,
Callest him daily forth to live with men,—
Teach us our duty in this press and crowd
Of fellow-mortals, lest we be o'ercome
With hurried thought and feeling—losing thus
The highest right and appanage of man,
To hold his soul calm 'neath thy calm regard.
Do Thou sustain us! that we may not fail
Of ready help, pure counsel and kind word,
And, in the various life around us, feel
Our own life bears its true proportionate part,
And yet may with a calm and balanced soul,
Turn from the relative unto the One
Eternal, Absolute, and there compose
Our ruffled sympathies and quickened pulse.
Shine Thou upon us! We must keep our way
Thro' tangled thicket and thro' mazy path,
Yet looking up, we see in the clear sky
The Eternal index ; may we follow that,
Content to multiply our cares and thoughts,
So we may serve in singleness of soul. N.

MISSIONARY MEETING to-morrow evening, at the Church of the Saviour, in Bedford Street. We are glad to see that this interesting movement is more and more gaining ground among us, and we cannot but hope that there will be a full attendance at Mr. Waterson's church. Shall not we, as a Christian body, do something more than we have yet done, for the extension of Christian truth?

☞ We are sorry to be obliged to defer, till next week, a notice of Dr. Woodward, which was received too late for our present paper. We thank the writer for his kindness.

Thursday Lecture next week, by Rev. Mr. Mountford, author of Martyria and Euthanasy.

THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE : by H. W. Longfellow. Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

It is one proof that a poem has in it a life of its own, if when it is read without a knowledge of the author, you are able (independent of any tricks or caprices of style) to identify him by means of the essential quality of the thought, or the pervading tone of feeling. Nearly all the better poems of Prof. Longfellow will bear this test. That he is a poet and an original one, no reader of his later works will deny ; and that he is more so than one might have anticipated from his first productions, we think would be the general opinion. His course strikes us as sufficiently instructive to warrant a few remarks.

Judging from his writings, we should say that Prof. Longfellow's mind in its essential characteristics was sympathetic, genial, affectionate, and especially remarkable for a loving, relying, tender sense of the beautiful. These are the qualities of an imitative, rather than a creative mind, and in accordance with this, his earlier poems had nothing to mark them as peculiar. They were characterized by delicacy of thought and feeling, and by a sweet and flowing versification ; but this was the sum of their merits He had not learned to rely unreservedly on his own perceptions and feelings. At this time one would have said, that he would have been an admirable imitator of beautiful models—unconsciously so, but still an imitator. A mind so sympathetic is not enterprising, or audacious. It likes to walk in company. It was these qualities which made him the best living translator from foreign languages, and which would have prevented one from expecting original works of peculiar value. But in spite of all these seeming tendencies, we have no writer among us who can lay a more just claim to originality.

What is remarkable is that this originality seems to have been developed by very extended literary culture. His mind has been constantly growing, and with this growth has come self-dependence. The early productions of poets are not unfrequently the best. The gentle and timid genius of Longfellow required familiarity with the literature of all civilized nations, before it dared to trust to itself. The wonder is that such a mind should not have been crushed and overborne by the companionship of genius ; but it seems to have grown as a child grows in a loving home, becoming more individual as it becomes more mature.

In "The Voices of the Night" we see the transition state. The divining rod which led him to the true fountains came from the North. The poetry of Germany, and the old strains of the Scandinavian times, seem to have stimulated his mind, but to have been as yet almost too strong for it.—There are various pieces in that volume, the cadences of whose verse recall the chimes and the melodies of other masters of the lyre. But since then, and above all in the exquisite poem of Evangeline, he stands by himself, one of the very few possessing sufficient individuality to be remembered hereafter, and to take a permanent place among American poets.

We do not compare him with others. He has positive characteristics of his own. He is the poet of the domestic affections, and of that trusting religious faith, which, as it soars up into the sunlight of the Christian heaven, is radiant with celestial light, and which, when it looks up into the night of superstition, even in the midst of the surrounding gloom retains the same trust only deepened by the shadows of a more profound awe. He does not see things in masses, but individually. His pictures have but a few lines, and are as striking from what is left out, as from what is retained. They are like some of the scenes in Frithiof's Saga, where there is only a wintry sea, a bleak and wintry hill, a cairn of rocks, and in the distance the lonely skiff, worn and weather-beaten, but the home of fearless hearts. But each individual case is made poetical by representing a whole class of poetical associations, and suggesting the purest sentiments of poetry. In addition to this, and without which no poet is long read, Mr. Longfellow is an artist. He has an exquisite ear for versification, and words are to him what colors are to a painter.

We quote the following lines from the conclusion of the longest poem in the volume, not as being superior to what might be found on any other page, but as applying to the state of public affairs at this time.

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what masters laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock ;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee :
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

We are put under obligation to Ticknor, Reed and Fields for the beautiful manner in which they have published this and other volumes of the modern poets. The public owes them a large debt of gratitude for the luxury of reading such works in print and on paper which correspond to their intrinsic value.

LAW AN EDUCATOR OF THE CONSCIENCE.

Messrs. Editors :—An article in your last paper, written with apparent candor, and certainly with ability, on 'The Treatment of Crime,' raises a most important question ; the question, viz., whether the gradual mitigation of the criminal code, as it is unquestionably a tendency of our times, is not also to be regarded as a tendency to good, and an indication of social progress. With the answer implied, if not directly given in the article, to this question I am in some doubt whether I could coincide. In all that is said under the first head, "That everything possible should be done for the prevention of crime," I should agree without hesitation. But what is meant when it is said that "there should be the most unrelenting severity in the administration of the law"? and that "convicts should feel that there is a terrible line of separation between them, and those who have not brought themselves under the penalty of the laws!" Is not pity, tender pity, for the criminal, a Christian sentiment? Is it not found true that as civilization advances, crime diminishes to the reduction of cruel penalties? Is it not as likely that the mild treatment of an offender will reform him as the harsh and revengeful! And especially are not the restriction of capital punishment, and the exercise of the pardoning power by the Executive, among the brightest signs for philanthropy in this age? Would we willingly do anything to hinder the abolition of the Death Penalty altogether?—I put these questions, Messrs. Editors, not being certain whether I fully understand the article in question, and beg that they may be considered. Yours, L.

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We cheerfully reply to the above interrogatories. In the first place, however, our correspondent must remember that the idea of "revengeful" punishment is to be laid aside at once as wholly disowned and reprobated by us ; and in the next that the Christian "pity for the criminal" which he commends, is as much at the bottom of the severe treatment as of the merciful. At least he begs the question by taking the contrary for granted.

We most devoutly sympathize with the general aims and with some of the specific ends of those philanthropists in our own and other countries, who are laboring for the reform of the criminal code and the mitigation of the penalty of evil-doers. They are right in their protest against all vindictive or gratuitously cruel inflictions, and in demanding that punishment shall be no more severe than is needed for the prevention of crime. But they are wrong, as our correspondent would seem to be—in supposing that this latter end, is to be sought solely with regard to the already depraved members of the community, or that they are the class most affected by the punishment of the guilty. They are in general too much under the influence of their passions to calculate the chance, or measure the degree of penalty which they are going to incur. Most great crimes are committed through the pressure of overmastering appetite, cupidity or resentment, which makes the malefactor at the moment reckless of consequences. The prevention of crime is an end much more likely to be attained among those, who have characters yet to form. Law, while it is to a certain degree the embodiment of the moral sense of the community, is one of the chief agents in educating the conscience of every new generation. The laws of a nation impress certain graduated characteristics of merit or demerit on the acts, which they command, permit or forbid. By their scale of punishments, they do much towards determining the reputed guilt of different crimes, and thus towards fixing the relative estimate in which the corresponding vices and their opposite virtues are held by that large proportion of the people, who never become criminals. The young are very prone to grow into the state of moral feeling that pervades the statute-book ; and we can conceive of a laxity of penal jurisprudence, which would go far towards doing away that abhorrence of vice and that keen sense of moral differences, which are among the essential safeguards of a virtuous character, at least in its earlier stages. When in England the killing of a man might be atoned for by a fine, while the knocking down of a deer by an unqualified person was a capital offence, multitudes of youth must have grown up with a profounder reverence for the royal forests than for human life, and the stain of blood-guiltiness must have been regarded by the whole community as but slight and transient. In our own country, fraudulent bankruptcy and the genteeler forms of swindling are legally handled with a leniency, which no doubt helps train for these modes of dishonesty very many, who will never commit those offences, of the same class, which the law brands with ignominy. On the other hand, there are forms of vice, which in ancient Rome were practised unblushingly and even made the theme of poetry and song, which have almost died out of christendom, because they are marked on the statute books of the civilized world with penalties, that make them abhorred and dreaded even by the most vicious portion of the community. The philanthropist will therefore demand not so much mild, as just punishments. He will desire to see the moral scale as clearly recognized in the penal code as in the instructions of the pulpit.

This consideration should be taken into the account in the question as to the continuance or abolition of capital punishment, and we would gladly have this issue joined in the discussion between its advocates and its opponents. We yield to none in our abhorrence of the gallows ; but yet should deem its fearful penalty preferable to a state of things, in which the foulest crimes against society, are to be expiated by a brief imprisonment, liable to be indefinitely shortened by the importunity of the weakly humane, or by the ill-judged clemency of the Executive. If the death penalty can be safely dispensed with as our correspondent believes, it can only be by the substitution for it of the entire and irrevocable excision of the most atrocious criminals from the healthy portion of society, by a civil death, from which there can be no recall, except by evidence capable of establishing the innocence of the condemned before a judicial tribunal. We feel well convinced that capital punishment cannot be safely abolished, unless the pardoning power for offences of the highest grade be dispensed with or greatly modified. We would urge this subject on the serious attention of all those, who are laboring for the abrogation of the death-penalty. Were the sentence of an upright judiciary irreversible, they might find many, who now dare not disturb the existing condition of the law, ready to join them in commuting the punishment of the gallows for perpetual imprisonment.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

ORDINATION AT CANTON. The Ordination services at Canton, on Wednesday last, were as follows :

1, Anthem ; 2, Introductory Prayer, by Rev. James I. T. Coolidge ; 3, Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. W. O. White ; 4, Original Hymn, by Rev. F. D. Huntington ; 5, Sermon, by Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D. ; 6, Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Alvan Lamson, D. D. ; 7, Charge, by Rev. John H. Morison; 8, Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge ; 9, Original Hymn, by Rev. J. A. Swan ; 10, Concluding Prayer, by Rev. F. D. Huntington; 11, Anthem; 12, Benediction, by the pastor.

The sermon was one of unusual power and eloquence, on faith—the dangers of a skeptical state of mind—the nature and value of faith in God and in our relations to him ; of faith in Christ and our union with him. We were particularly impressed by Dr. Gannett's remarks under this last head, as forcibly and beautifully unfolding our living union with Christ, as the branch with the vine, as friend with friend, only with a deeper reverence and devotion. The Ordaining Prayer, if it were proper to speak of that part of the service, was simple, chaste and devout, fitted at the same time to instruct the mind and to lift it up into nearer union with God. The Right Hand of Fellowship, was simple, appropriate, affectionate and cheering. There is entire unanimity among the people, and the young pastor, Mr. Rogers, enters upon his labors under circumstances as favorable as any one could. After the services at the church, a sumptuous dinner was provided at the Massapoag House, which is one of the best public houses anywhere in the vicinity of Boston. We were happy to see among the guests our friends, Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Mountford, from England.

DEDICATION AT WESTBOROUGH. On Thursday the 3d, inst. the new meeting-house, erected by the *First Congregational Society* in Westborough, was dedicated to the service of God and the ordinances of our holy religion. The house is unusually well proportioned, and the pews judiciously arranged. The spire is very high and symmetrical, presenting a most agreeable contrast to some, elsewhere found, which seem cut off suddenly as if to indicate a factory. Great unanimity prevails among the Society, and kind feelings are cherished towards them. All the clergymen of the other churches were present at the dedication, and the house was crowded to its utmost capacity. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. Charles Brooks of Boston : the Scriptures read by Rev. H. Alger of Marlborough ; the Sermon was by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston ; the Prayer of Dedication by Rev. A. Hill of Worcester ; the concluding prayer by Rev. Dr. Allen of Northborough. The services were highly acceptable to all. The Sermon, upon *Worship*, was worthy of its distinguished author.

In the afternoon a conference was had in the church, and Rev. Messrs. Allen, Chaffe, Hale, Ball, Hill, Wilson, and Gannett, spoke on the best means of building up a Christian Society. In the evening another Conference and prayer meeting was held, in the same place, and Rev. Messrs. Hill, Ball, Benton, Allen, and Brooks, spoke on the means of promoting personal piety and holiness.

The singing was excellent and was performed by members of the Society, assisted by the other choirs in the town,—a more auspicious commencement could not have been had ; and we wish our friends of Westborough *God speed* in their noble, Christian work.

MOBILE, (ALA.) We are happy to hear that there is again Unitarian preaching at Mobile.—Rev. Mr. Larned, late of Tremont, Ill., is there for a few months ; and preaches in the church formerly built by the Unitarians.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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DISCOURSES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER : by E. H. Chapin. Boston : A. Tompkins. 1850.

This volume contains nine discourses on the different petitions of the Lord's Prayer, viewing them as constituting a series of truths, and a form of devotion. The sermons possess the essential quality of being readable. They are written in a warm, and flowing style, over and through which, without ever hindering the progress of the thought, play the many colored lights of a rich and ready fancy. If we were to describe the distinctive peculiarities of Mr. Chapin's writings, we should say that they were genial, affectionate, and humane. They breathe throughout a generous, hopeful and fraternal spirit. He is a thinker too, and has the power of presenting abstract thoughts in a forcible and popular way. This volume is one which may be honestly commended, and which cannot be read without profit. We have been more impressed with its excellence from having read, within a few weeks, a similar volume of nine sermons on the Lord's Prayer, by Maurice, one of the most eminent and able of living English Divines. They doubtless fall below the level of some of his other works, but they have been esteemed of sufficient value to authorize a second edition within a year after their delivery ; and yet no man could read the two volumes, without saying that, as a collection of sermons, Mr. Chapin's was far superior to that of the celebrated Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn.

Our readers will find some extracts on our first page, which will please and instruct them, and which are no more than a sample of the average merits of the volume.

THE ABLE MINISTER OF THE NEW TESTAMENT : by Rev. D. W. Clark. Boston: G. C. Rand & Co.

This is an anniversary discourse, delivered before the literary societies of the Methodist General Biblical Institute at Concord, N. H.

This sermon was addressed to a company of young men about to enter on the work of the ministry. It is a practical, sensible discourse, not only inculcating in words, but imbued with, the spirit which a Christian preacher ought to possess. It seems to us infinitely better suited to so interesting an occasion, than the more ambitious, and rhetorical discussions of general subjects, which are so often heard We observe in it, that mingling of good sense and a hearty devotion to Christian ends, for which we think that none at the present time are more distinguished than our Methodist brethren. Different circumstances properly give rise to different methods of administration ; and we do not like the exclusive spirit which in common with others they sometimes show, but as far as principles and ends and spirit are concerned, there are few towards whom we feel more strongly drawn. We fear that they may involuntarily shrink from our sympathy, and repeat the old maxim,

"Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes,"

but we are willing to wait, confident that the time will come when a body, whose leading men unite in themselves so much of the fervor and the moderation of Christianity, will recognize as brethren, all who are honestly endeavoring to build up the kingdom of Christ upon earth.

We shall hereafter quote some passages from this sermon.

THE HOME JOURNAL.

We feel inclined to say a word respecting this paper. It occupies a place of more importance in its moral relations than, as we suspect, is commonly supposed. It is devoted to the discussion of subjects relating to literature, art, social intercourse and amusements, and is read by great numbers whose opinions are probably influenced by it more than by graver methods of instruction. In treating these subjects, the Home Journal will almost invariably be found on the honorable, manly and humane side. Mr. Willis, the principal Editor, is second to no other in this country in the native endowments of a poet, and in his peculiar department he holds an almost equal place as a prose writer. Every number of the Home Journal contains columns sparkling with wit and humor and brilliant descriptions, while beneath all there is a substantial basis of good sense, for which he has not always had the credit due to him.—When he discusses matters of importance, there is found a dignity, discrimination and sobriety of judgment which always command attention ; and in the few controversies into which he has been led, he has shown himself to possess such powers that few persons would choose him for an antagonist unless they were to have the advantage of wind and sun. There are so many papers which address the taste for light reading of so worthless a description, that we are glad to see that one of so high a character as this, meets with a large and constantly growing public patronage.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

Although two of the articles in the "Examiner" were written by our-self, it must be borne in mind that the following notice is taken from the Salem Gazette, and besides, the extracting is done, *not* by the *self* just alluded to, but another :

The Christian Examiner, for January, makes its appearance with accustomed punctuality. Within a short time the names of the writers in this periodical have been appended to their contributions in full. We like to see this done, for although it is said by some that we thus come to the article with a bias, which sometimes exaggerates, and as often underrates, the value of what is written, yet to balance that objection we must remember that an article is entitled to all the attention and consideration which the name of the author might give it, and that we place not much value upon that freedom of speech which is used by a person who is unwilling to take the responsibility of what he has written. In the present No. it is observable how generally it is the case that the authors of the articles are high authorities on the subjects upon which they write, and we come to their remarks with a due degree of deference.

Art. 1. On the British Empire in India, by Rev. E. Peabody, is a very instructive and interesting history of the Sikhs of Northern India. After a brief sketch of their origin and earlier history, the reviewer gives a general view of the various causes which have opened the way to English conquests, and of the results of English supremancy.

Art. 2. Porter's Principles of textual Criticism. The author of this work is the Professor of sacred criticism and theology to the association of non-subscribing Presbyterians in Ireland. Dr. Noyes, who is competent to decide, says he has performed his task well.

Prof. Porter has done something more than discharge the office of a compiler ; his work contains much that is valuable, which is the result of his own investigation and judgment, and, says Dr. Noyes, "the book deserves to be used in our theological schools, and to have a place in the library of every clergyman."

Art. 3. Recent English Lyrics. This is a pleasing article, by James T. Fields, with whom we have pleasant associations in the way of poetry.—He notices favorably, Hervey, Allan Cunningham, Charles Swain. Henry Alford, and Wm. C. Bennett, and gives us charming specimens of their poetry.

Art. 4. Baron Humboldt's Cosmos, is reviewed by Prof. Lovering, and we have seldom been more interested than by this article. It is full, brilliant, and suggestive, and we would call the attention of our readers to it. When once directed there, it will fasten of itself. We should like to extract portions of it, but could hardly do so without injustice to the article, in our narrow limits.

Art. 5. Bowen's Lowell Lectures. Mr. Ellis pays a delightful tribute to the memory of the public benefactor who "devoted a princely bequest to the furnishing of free lectures on science, art, literature, philosophy, and religion, to all the inhabitants of a city who might desire to hear them." The liberal basis on which the Lowell Institute is conducted, has secured for it unqualified success from its commencement. It is remarkable that no matter of controversy or jealousy has yet arisen from it. It has already attracted hither several of the most eminent men of science in Europe, and gathered around them attentive audiences. Mr. Ellis awards high praise to those lectures by Mr. Bowen "on the application of Metaphysical and Ethical Science to the Evidences of Religion."

Art. 6. Bartol's Sermons. Here is a review which is evidently written con amore, and it is refreshing to read such an outpouring of sympathy and admiration. Some may say that it sounds too much like the panegyric of friendship, and that it hardly can be called a criticism, where there is no fault found. But there are now and then things even in this imperfect world, which are good enough to be praised without qualification, and we love to see a practised reviewer, as is Mr. Peabody, the author of this article, abandon himself to the luxury of bestowing such commendation.

Art. 7. Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature. Mr. Hillard, in a very able and scholarly review of this book, gives us a very interesting sketch of Mr. Ticknor's labors, which prepare us to enter upon the reading of this work with more interest and satisfaction.

Mr. Hillard's review seems to us just what a review should be, leading us to an understanding and appreciation of the labors of the historian, and free alike from the spirit of carping criticism, and the language of extravagant eulogy.

Following these extended articles, are short notices of recent publications, and the religious and literary intelligence which usually closes the number.

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE of Mary Powell, afterwards Mistress Milton.

This interesting diary, originally published in Sharpe's Magazine, and thence copied into Littell's Living Age, is now published in a cheap pamphlet form by E. Littell & Co.

THE FARMER'S ALMANAC.

The (old) Farmer's Almanac for 1850. Boston, Jenks, Palmer & Co.

A NEW HOME—WHO'LL FOLLOW? or Glimpses of Western Life : by Mrs. Mary Clavers, an actual settler. Fourth edition. New York, C. S. Francis & Co. Boston, J. H. Francis. 1850.

No book ever more perfectly came up to its ideal than this ; and we see no reason why it should not continue as a classic long after the scenes which it describes shall have been driven from the whole West by a higher civilization. Every one who reads it knows how fresh and spirited its descriptions are, and how admirably it takes off peculiarities of life and manners. We have heard from those living in the West how true it all is. It has reached a fourth edition ; we hope it will go through forty more.

THE SECOND ADVENT: or what do the Scriptures teach respecting the Second Coming of Christ, the end of the world, the resurrection of the dead, and the general judgment? by Alpheus Crosby. Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co.

We hope to notice this work hereafter.

THE AMERICAN FOWL BREEDER. Boston : J. P. Jewett & Co.

A pamphlet of ninety-two pages, on the rearing, breeding, varieties, diseases, &c. of fowls.

For the Register.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, NOV. 15, 1949.

The remarkable event of the week just past has undoubtedly been the ceremony of the conferring of the prizes on the Exhibitors of the Industrial products in the grand National Festival held this year at the Tuilleries. These prizes, consisting of crosses of the Legion of Honor and medals of various value, were presented to the successful competitors by the President of the Republic at the Palais de Justice. Much as the dominant party desire to ignore the social aspect of the revolution of February,—they still are compelled to recognize it at least indirectly, and they endeavor to compensate for their disregard of the interests of Labor by the solemnity and pomp of their professions of respect for the "Holy Institution of Industry" as it was styled on Sunday by the primate of France. Accordingly it was decided that the ceremony of the prizes that anciently took place in presence of the King at the royal palace, should be performed this year, with all the parade of governmental and official attendance, and under the sanctions of religion, at the Palace of Justice, where are held the Courts of Law, a building remarkable in the history of France. Here, in early days, the greatest of the sovereigns of France held his Court and proclaimed the laws which lend to his name a lustre, even brighter than the Aureole with which the Canonization of Rome invested it—here, from the quaint turrets of this motley building, fronting on the Seine, rang out the tocsin of the St. Bartholomew, answering the summons from the low belfry of St. Germain, across the river—here in this rugged Norman keep, whose massive archway seems moody and frowning with the terrible thoughts of the past—the unfortunate queen of Louis XVI. lingered out the last sad days of her life—and under that frowning archway, passed the murderers of September to their bloody work. Here too is the Chapel of St. Louis, the exquisitely beautiful rival of Vincennes and Windsor and Westminster ; and this gem of the ecclesiastical architecture of France—recently restored and decorated with mediæval magnificence, was selected for the first public consecration of Labor. All through the misty evening, the multitude had been growing denser about the quays and pressing on the lines of silent soldiery, whose gleaming bayonets marked out the pathway of the Republican Chief. Great as was the multitude and narrow as was the space into which the thousands were crowded, no quarrels took place, no blows were exchanged, and the police and military were reduced to mere ornaments of the scene. Nothing indeed can exceed the patience and practical *fraternity* of a French mob. In forbearance, good humor and pleasantry, these people of Paris certainly put to shame our own republicans—and though we may enjoy a truer liberty than they—they have more by heart the lessons of democratic toleration and equality. Philosophic observations and reflections afford however no protection against a Parisian fog ; and the air, so heavy that it seemed to enclose the breathing multitude within a dome of lead, began to press painfully upon the lungs—when the lines of bayonets quivered—the waves of the multitude were rolled back by the thunderous gallop of Cuirassiers and the loud shouts of the people—the President came sweeping in his guarded chariot across the bridge, and descending amid ever increasing acclamations, entered the Palace. Then the interest was intenser—for it was confidently expected that this day would ripen the multitudinous rumors which had rained down upon Paris during the last few weeks, into fact—that the Salle des Pas Perdus would supply to the nephew the stage which the Orangery of St. Cloud gave to the uncle—and that a grand Coup d'Etat would announce to the world the dawning of the second Empire, and the creditors of Louis Napoleon the payment of his debts. But the President bestowed the Crosses of the Legion and yet remained President—he attended the mass of the Archbishop and his four Episcopal coadjutors in the Sainte Chapelle and yet returned in republican state to the grand Hall of the Palace. He listened with composure to the long address of the minister of commerce—replied in a short and sensible speech, the last words of which were a profession of unshaken Loyalty to the Constitution, and permitting the services to close in peace, left the Palais by a back door, to the great disappointment of the multitude, and found his way back through the increasing mists—to the Elysee Bourbon—uncrowned, unproclaimed, a simple President still. This result of the proceedings seems far from satisfactory, even to the opponents of the Imperial aspirant. Paris had expected a Coup d'Etat and felt like a child disappointed of a show,—or a newsmonger whose "catastrophe" turns out to be a pure *invention of the* penny-a-liners.

However, the wiser heads are shaken and the wiser tongues prophecy an end which is not yet. Louis Napoleon,—so they discourse—sees perfectly well the impossibility of present success in every scheme of self-aggrandizement at the risk of the public peace. The present Assembly is intractable. The two dynastic parties which lend his government a reluctant support

tary is even more marked. He grants leave of absence to sons whose parents are dying and bids them hurry homewards, in affecting speeches: he never refuses to relieve the wants of an old warrior of the Empire—and as a crowning demonstration, he entertained six regiments of Cavalry after a review at Versailles, furnishing the masses of the men with *Champagne*, at a great expense, and feasting the officers at his own table. Such is not the conduct of a Republican President, but certainly it is a desirable process to be gone through with by the aspirant after an Imperial throne.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

American Unitarian Association. A general meeting, in behalf of the objects of the American Unitarian Association, was held at the Federal street church, last Sabbath evening. Stephen Fairbanks Esq., presided. The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Peabody. A respectable, though not a crowded audience assembled. It is a matter of regret that the attendance was not larger, for subjects of great interest to the Unitarian body, which were discussed with earnestness and ability, were presented to the assembly. The chairman, in a few appropriate remarks, stated the object of the meeting, and then called on the Rev. Mr. Lothrop to address the audience, and to explain more fully the purpose of calling them together.

Mr. Lothrop referred to the previous meetings, notices of which have appeared in the Register. He read a portion of the printed report of one of the sub-committees of the Unitarian Association to that body, which was made last year. It contained an appeal in behalf of increased missionary efforts in our denomination. The committee say, that although the Association does not meet the wishes of many persons, it would not by any means be advisable to dissolve it, but rather to expand its operations, and prove to the world that it is devoted to the spread of truth, and not of sectarianism. He also read a circular of the Association, which was sent out last spring, for the purpose of obtaining funds in aid of the objects set forth in the report. He stated that the association had been unable to extend its missionary efforts, because its income had not been increased. The object of this meeting was to devise some means of *increasing that income*. He spoke of the duty, which rests upon every one, of doing, according to his ability, something to spread abroad the knowledge and influences of the Gospel of Christ. If God, he said, was willing to give his own Son for the redemption of the world, ought we not to be willing to sacrifice something for the salvation of the souls of our brethren? After alluding to the necessity of associated effort, and its power to neutralise the individualism of our times, he presented the following resolutions, for the consideration of the meeting:

Resolved, That the plans and purposes of the American Unitarian Association, as presented in the circular of the executive Committee, dated July 9th, 1849, approve themselves to our Christian philanthropy as worthy of our immediate sympathy and encouragement.

Resolved, That as individuals and members of the several congregations to which we belong, we will use our best exertions to furnish the association with funds to carry forward the great work of spiritual beneficence, in the education and support of Christian preachers and the circulation of religious writings in accordance with the spirit and arrangements exhibited in the circular above referred to.

Mr. T. R. Sullivan followed in support of the resolutions. The terms Mission and Missionary imply (said he,) the activity of one or more Christian believers in spreading the knowledge and power of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. I contend that by simply sustaining local institutions, Christian denominations do not perform their whole duty; and that this has always been so understood by the Christian world. Missionary zeal has been particularly active during the last fifty years. The work is not *sectarian* in spirit. It is not more so than that of the Bible Societies, uniting in like manner all sects in one, and essentially the same, spiritual purpose. The work of Missions, throughout its whole history, —making due allowance for human infirmity, and the abuses arising out of peculiarities of system, discipline, and the times,—has been mainly *disinterested*. The duty in question is not met by the Ministry at Large; because that is properly of a local character, confining its operation, in cities, to the immediate neighborhood of the great local institutions, by which its ministrations are supported, and to which they are in a measure supplementary. But this does not meet the obligation implied in the missionary spirit of the Gospel's Founder, and the uniform interpretation of it by his Church in all its branches except our own. Our idea of freedom, or individual responsibility for faith, forms no objection. That may be resolved into the Protestant principle; and yet the Protestants have been nearly as active in Missions as the Catholics. It is true that, with their binding creeds and ecclesiastical domination, other Protestant sects do not hold the principle of private judgment as *consistently* as we do; but it will not be pretended that our Saviour and his apostles did not understand, and act consistently upon, the principle of individual faith, and the idea of acting for missionary purposes is to be traced directly to them, and, in practice, is only carrying out the spirit of their precepts and their activity. If some of us have carried freedom to an extreme, that is only a reason for attempting a reaction—which the work in question tends strongly to promote. It also tends to the correction of our own narrowness and littleness; for that these are to be found amongst us cannot, I think, be questioned. The first consists in thinking all denominations, but our own, mainly sectarian, using the term in a bad sense. This is a great error. These great Christian bodies are *not* sectarian in the sense of making emulation and proselytism their leading motive. Believing their own peculiar doctrines as essential to salvation as the Gospel itself, they aim through the Gospel as they receive it to save. And in thus applying their zeal and their resources, they are no more mainly influenced by a sectarian spirit, than we are when we build a new church of our faith in this enlightened city. The Englishman at Rome or in India, knows that the Church of England does not provide him and his family a chapel there, principally that the clergy may have a new benefice, or the church a new bulwark against Romanism or Methodism. The New Englander in Illinois or Wisconsin understands that the preacher, or the tract, that reaches him from home, was not sent out to bind him to the *Baptists*, but to bind him to his Bible, his God, and his Savior. And nothing can be more illiberal than to suppose this shepherd watch, this mother care, this father's untiring search for the lost child, is sectarian! Sectarianism wages its warfare, meanwhile, among those denominations;—and so it does in ours, for it is impossible for us not to feel, except it be in this city, that there is a defensive side, to neglect which is to be false to truth and duty; but this is not our only or our best side, neither is it theirs, nor that of any sect in Christendom. The Catholic priest hastens to the bedside of the dying, not to do battle for the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, or to propagate the doctrines of Tradition; he goes to bring comfort to the sick in his last distress, and to give all the comfirmation to his dying hope that it remains for the living to bestow. It in this there is a mixture of superstition, sure I am there is ten-fold more of heart! But the weakness of which I am speaking is so self-satisfied in its liberality, as to look upon the whole spiritual movement of the Christian world, its own excepted, as selfishly sectarian, and rank with party spirit, as its chief spring. This is narrow.

Besides this, we are *little*, in that while professing ourselves superior to bad sectarian motives, we do incomparably less than any other sect from a higher principle beyond our own immediate enclosures. In whose communion do we find the distant and destitute unregarded? In whose communion is it that no religious sympathy or vigilance follows the exiled, the endangered, the suffering, from the bosom of the church in which they were nurtured? I have been pained and mortified, when standing, as I have done, as a preacher of our faith, five hundred miles West of the meridian under which I now stand, to feel, that, in every city and in every settlement, it is the lot of those who are "of us," and of those alone, to find, when afar, the religious aspect turned towards them from the region of home, as cold as the heart-chill from the first aspect of a strange land! How much better recommendation is this to the respect of other sects, than are their dogmas and prejudices to ours? It is the tendency of missionary action to correct this narrowness and littleness in ourselves; and to bring into life and light those exalted principles of faith and holy love which do, notwithstanding, predominate, in us as in them, on the whole.—But it may be said, "Do not the rich oppose? are not the literary indifferent? are not some of the best even prejudiced against this work?" If it be so—once convinced of the truth of the principle, we should treat prejudice, opposition and indifference, as Paul did: by patiently meeting and answering objection, however prevalent, however specious, however refined! Perseverance will be crowned with success. The great *means* is to bring the public mind to a habit of giving something *yearly* to this object. Were I a settled pastor, I would insist on the duty, however small at first might be the fruit. I would urge it on the people, for its own sake, and for theirs. In every sense they would be increased by performing it. I would urge it as tending to a reaction against "individualism." For it would be a pertinent inquiry from them, What Gospel I would have preached to the poor and destitute—that according to Strauss, or that according to Paul? It would be pertinent in them to ask whether our "school of the prophets" is not sending forth some whose little blessed mission is to "darken counsel!" and whether our community are not encouraged to admire such as, apparently preferring a wreath of bays to a crown of stars, are nullifying all that is superhuman in the scriptures (and consequently all that men *will* reverence) by the play of wit, and the cold sarcasms of self-conceit!

> "Ah me! the laurel wreath that Murder rears,
> Blood-nursed, and watered with the widow's tears,
> Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dead,
> As waves the night-shade o'er the Skeptic's head!"

This is said in grief, not in anger. The word of divine condemnation is not to be spoken by man. And it would be pertinent in me to answer, See ye to that—use your lawful freedom to inquire into the esoteric opinions of your modern professed teachers of Christianity. "I speak as to wise men, judge ye," whether your fountains of spiritual knowledge are sending forth pure or turbid waters. And exercise your lawful right to demand that those fountains be purified, and the Christianity you are to transmit to your children, and send to the destitute and exposed, be adapted to meet those deep wants of the soul, which divine light has revealed, and divine truth *alone* can satisfy, and not such as to add new dangers to those which already surround the thoughtless wanderer from God and Christ!

In fine, I believe that the missionary spirit in our denomination is a *spiritual* movement, on a sound and scriptural basis—corresponding to the deep interest in religion manifested at our crowded Sunday evening meetings of last winter; and promising, to such a call as this of to-night, a growing disposition "to extend the knowledge, and promote the interests of Christianity." I maintain that the American Unitarian Association,—the words of whose Constitution I have just quoted,—is the fit organ for dispensing the fruits of this spirit. Of course, I need not add that I am in favor of the Resolutions before the meeting of this evening.

The Hon. Albert Fearing next addressed the meeting. He confined his remarks to two of the objects of the Association, viz., to the distribution of Channing's Works and to the education of young men for the ministry and sending them forth as missionaries. He said his connection with the executive board was rendered unpleasant by one particular—their inability to meet the calls for help which come to them from the East and the West, the North and the South. He spoke urgently in relation to the distribution of Dr. Channing's works—related instances of, and dwelt upon the great influence they exert—and entered into calculations to show what large numbers the denomination might circulate if they used the ample means they possessed, and exercised the same liberality as freely in this as in other ways. He regarded thirty thousand dollars, which might be raised for these objects, as a small sum, in comparison with the wealth which is in our hands, and which we are constantly spending for luxuries and superfluities. He also spoke of the importance of educating young men for the ministry, and showed, by similar calculations, the ability of the denomination to do this work, likewise.

The Rev. Mr. Waterston succeeded. He remarked that there is a great deal of sympathy springing up for each other, among the various Christian denominations, notwithstanding the sectarianism which exists. He spoke of the duty, which rests upon the Unitarian body to do their part in regenerating the world and saving the souls of men. He felt a sympathy with missionaries of every denomination, still he thought the Unitarians could and ought to make use of their own views of the Bible in propagating Christianity. If they held views, which they believed to be better adapted than others to bring men to God and prepare them for eternity, it was their duty to promulgate them. There is a sense, he urged, in which whoever holds a truth is bound to propagate it.

He advocated the claims of the Unitarian Association to our sympathy and aid because it seeks to extend, not the limits of a sect, but the spirit and knowledge of Christianty. The principles of Christianity, he contended, required of us to promulgate the truth. Christ's great mission was to advocate certain views; they were doctrinal views, intended to overthrow the previous ideas of mankind in relation to the Deity.

Christ had commanded us to go and preach the Gospel to every creature. He alluded to the importance of sending throughout the land the words of men like Channing and Ware. The distribution of tracts, whether controversial or otherwise, he regarded as an important means of doing much good. And in conclusion, he expressed the hope, that however different our individual views may be as to the methods of disseminating truth, we should take hold earnestly of the work which this Association has to do, and give it our assistance.

Dr. Gannett hoped that the meeting would not be led away by the eloquence of the speakers and the earnestness of their thoughts from the real business before it. He wished to have something done that night, and trusted that money would be the result of what was done.

The resolutions, which had been presented, contained two distinct propositions; first, that there is a work of spiritual beneficence to be done; and secondly, that we should aid the American Unitarian Association to do it. He asked attention to the fact, that the Association was already in existence, and that many months, not to say years must elapse, before another could take its place. Before this simple fact all doubts and suspicions must melt away. The present movement is not a spasmodic one. We do not intend, he said, that it shall soon pass away. We ask our friends to devote of their substance, freely and largely, every year, to the objects which have been presented to them. This was a practical view of the subject, and one which he wished to have taken.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously, and a vote passed to transmit a copy of them to each society in the denomination.

After the vote was passed, Mr. Warren rose and expressed much encouragement at what had been uttered that evening. He only wished to express this feeling of encouragement, and to say, that with the assistance of others, he would endeavor to raise in the society where he worshipped (the Rev. Mr. *Waterston's*) one thousand dollars for the purposes of the Association, before the first of March next.

The Insane. Miss Dix, the distinguished philanthropist, in a memorial to Congress, by which she asks a grant of land for the benefit of the insane in our country, shows that in the New England States the proportion of the insane to the whole population is about one in 600; that in the Middle States it is one in 700; and that in the Western States it is one in 1300. The worst State is Rhode Island, where there is one to every 503; and the best, South Carolina, where there is one to every 5,058. In some of the States there is comparatively excellent provision for the insane: but in others little or nothing has been done.

Premium Awarded. The American Tract Society received one hundred and twenty-two manuscripts, from candidates for the Premium of $250, on the "best approved treatise on the importance of Systematic Beneficence, and of statedly appropriating certain portions of income for benevolent objects." A Committee of gentlemen having carefully examined them, find four equally meritorious, and it is difficult to determine which is the most deserving. The original donor of the Premium having increased the sum to $400, the Committee determined to divide this amount among the four successful competitors. On opening the envelopes the authors were found to be, Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, of Marblehead, Mass.; Rev. Samuel Harris, of Conway, Mass.; Rev. Parsons Cooke, of Lynn, Mass.; and Sereno D. Clark, of Ashfield, Mass. The various manuscripts were sent from almost every part of the Union, yet the four successful writers are found to be all residents of Massachusetts. [N. Y. J. of Commerce.

Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. At the annual meeting held last evening, the following gentlemen were chosen the Government of this Association for the ensuing year: President, Henry N. Hooper; Vice President, Billings Briggs; Treasurer, Osmyn Brewster; Secretary, John Kuhn; Trustees, Nathaniel Francis, Frederick H. Stimpson, John P. Ober, Robert Marsh, Samuel Adams, Joel Wheeler, Peter C. Jones, Frederick W. Lincoln, Jr., Theophilus R. Marvin, Granville Mears, Hiram Bosworth, Matthew Binney.

It was resolved that an exhibition of American Manufactures, Machinery, and Mechanical Art be held in this city in September next, and a liberal appropriation was made for the purpose of effecting this object.

Our friends, whether here, or at a distance, who have any new inventions, improvements, or specimens of skill appropriate for this purpose should keep this in mind. No better medium can be devised to introduce to the public a new article or an improvement upon an old one, than the exhibition proposed. [Transcript.

Ministerial Activity. In a late number of the Christian Herald we find the following account of labor performed by our most worthy seamens' Chaplain, Rev. Moses How, (who has been in the ministry thirty-four years) which will, to say the least, equal any thing we have recently seen recorded of ministerial activity and fidelity:—

"Although" (he says) "I have preached five times since nine in the morning, and married a couple, I have yet a few moments to spend in writing to you. My labors appear to increase every year, and with but a feeble constitution, 'through Christ strengthening me,' I find myself able to do all that He, or my friends (in reason) require of me. In a year ending July 15th, I have preached 156 sermons; attended 103 funerals; joined in marriage 138 persons; received and answered about 200 letters; settled for seamen 120 voyages, amounting to more than $30,000; have taken care of their money; frequently purchased their infit and outfit; have looked after the sick; have seen that the destitute were clothed, and assisted many a poor boy with means to return to his almost broken-hearted mother.—In the year I have put on board our whale-ships 382 bibles, 1148 testaments, and about 10,000 tracts and pamphlets. I keep a record of about 10,000 men, their names, place of birth, age, complexion, color of hair, an account of those who desert from their ships or are discharged or lost during the voyage, so as to be able to answer inquiries after sons, &c.; coming from all parts of our country, and frequently from England.—I preach every Sabbath morning at nine o'clock in the House of Correction, after which I attend my usual meetings at the Bethel."

Post Office in South Carolina. The following bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives of South Carolina.

> A Bill to Protect the People of the State from Incendiary Publications through the U. S. Mail.
>
> *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives* now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by authority of the same, That from and after the passing of this Act, if any Postmaster within the State of South Carolina shall knowingly deliver to any person or persons any written or printed paper, picture, drawing, or engraving, calculated to disturb the peace and harmony of the people of this State, in relation to the slave population thereof, such Postmaster shall, on conviction by indictment, be imprisoned for a term not exceeding twelve months, and pay a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars.
>
> We trust that the inhabitants of the Palmetto State will not become too much excited about this matter. As none but Carolinians are postmasters there, and therefore none but Carolinians can be imprisoned under this Act, the North will doubtless be perfectly resigned to the above dispensation.

THE CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY.

☞ The Children's Missionary, Mr. Barry, has labored for many months in this city. He has obtained places for a large number of destitute children, has induced others to attend our day Schools and Churches, and has established a Sunday School, which has done much good and is increasing in usefulness.

At the present time many children who come under Mr. Barry's influence, are suffering for want of proper clothing. If any young persons have garments which they would like to have judiciously bestowed, they will be most acceptable, and will be gratefully received, if left at Mr. Barry's residence, No. 8 Ashland Avenue, (near 680 Washington st.) or (if more convenient) at No. 61 Essex st.

R. C. WATERSTON.

*** If any children in the country, or sewing circle connected with our Churches, should desire to send a gift, it would be most welcome. if dec8

☞ Missionary Meeting. A meeting in behalf of the missionary operations will be held at the Church of the Saviour, Bedford Street, to-morrow evening, at 7 o'clock. Addresses will be made by several gentlemen of the clergy and laity. All interested, are invited to attend.

☞ The Boston Association of Congregational Ministers will meet on Monday next, (Jan. 14th,) at the house of Rev. J. F. Clarke in Pinckney Street.

jan12 SAMUEL B. CRUFT, Scribe.

☞ Overseers of Harvard College. The Annual Meeting of the Overseers of Harvard College, will be held on *Thursday* next, the seventeenth day of January, at twelve o'clock, in the Senate Chamber.

The Annual Reports of the Visiting and Examining Committees will be expected at this meeting.

ALEXANDER YOUNG, Secretary pro tem.

Boston, Jan. 12th, 1850.

☞ Notice. A special meeting of *The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Piety, and Charity*, will be held on Monday next, January 14th, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the house of the Subscriber, No. 46 Summer Street. ALEXANDER YOUNG, Sec'ry.

Boston, Jan. 12.

☞ The Subscriber gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a Box of Clothing for the "Children's Mission," from the Ladies' Sewing Circle, connected with Rev. Mr. Davis's Society in Watertown.

JOSEPH E. BARRY.

jan12

☞ Special Notice. The Children's Mission is in immediate need of aid from those Sunday Schools which have not contributed towards its support, and of further help from those that have. jan12

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Dec. 23, at the First Christian Church, by Rev E. Edmunds, Mr Luther Newhall to Miss Avillia Jaquith, both of Chelsea, Mass.

Jan. 1, by Rev Dr Barrett, Mr Samuel Peters to Miss Isabella, daughter of Ralph Smith, Esq., of this city.

Jan. 1, Mr Thomas S. Tarlton of Epsom, N. H., to Miss Susan A. Tuttle of Boston.

Jan. 1, Mr Orson H. Thornton, formerly of Lempster, N. H., to Miss Mary L., daughter of Lambert Maynard, Esq.

Jan. 2, by Rev S. K. Lothrop, Mr Samuel F. White of North Brookfield, to Miss Augusta G., daughter of the late Dr Daniel Gilbert of Boston.

Jan. 6, by Rev Mr Robbins, Mr Henry A. Turner to Miss Elizabeth Anderson.

In Billerica, Jan. 1, by Rev T. Starr King, George Henry Preston, Esq., of Boston, to Catharine Rogers, daughter of James R. Faulkner, Esq., of B

In Templeton, Dec. 31, by Rev E. G. Adams, Mr Thomas Martin to Miss Adelaide R. Upham.

Jan 3, by the same, Mr Isaac Bowen to Miss Mary Ann Brooks, all of Templeton.

In Concord, N. H., Dec. 26, by Rev A. Woodbury, Mr George W. Hills to Miss Salome M. Cole, both of Lawrence, Mass.

In Concord, Dec. 31, by Rev Mr Tilden of Walpole, N. H., Mr George A. Blanchard to Miss Francis A. B. Sargent, both of Concord.

In Sharon, Jan. 2, Mr Alonzo Curtis of Westminster, to Miss Mary B. Lothrop of S.

In Bridgeton, Me, Dec. 29, Mr Henry Harvey of Cambridge, Mass., to Miss Elizabeth Burnham of B.

In Somersworth, N. H., Mr Edwin L. Gerrish of Chelsea, Mass., to Miss Mary Ann Hanson of S.

In Brattleboro', Vt., Mr Lucius L. Day, firm of A. H. Day & Brother, to Miss E. L., second daughter of Lovell Farr, Esq.

In Woonsocket, R. I., Mr Willard Marcy of Newton Upper Falls, to Miss Maria Farnum, of Cumberland, R. I.

In Williamsburg, N. Y., Dec. 17, by Rev Mr James, Captain A. W. Shaw of Boston, to Miss Mary B. Goodnow of Easton, Pa.

DEATHS.

In this city, Jan. 2, Martin Smith, 74, for 36 years Sexton at the Stone Chapel, and Funeral Undertaker for about the same period.

Jan. 1, Julia Anna, second daughter of John H. Pearson, 18.

Jan. 2, Mr Rufus H. Bates, 31.

Jan. 1, of inflammation of the bowels, Mary Elizabeth, only child of Capt. George A. and Frances S. Trundy, 9 da ys.

In Charlestown, Jan. 2, of scarlet fever, Samuel Wilder, only son of Isaac W. and Caroline N. Bianchard, 3 years 9 months.

In Northboro', Dec. 3, Mrs Olive Brewer, wife of Dea. Daniel Brewer, 44.

Dec. 4, Mrs Sarah Gale, wife of Cyrus Gale, Esq., 55.

Dec. 13, Jane Augusta, eldest daughter of Mr Robert Temple, 15.

In Shrewsbury, Dec. 26, Mrs Susan Fitch, relict of Chas. Fitch, Esq., late of Salem, Mass., 31.

In Leominster, Dec. 26, Mrs Sarah Haws, widow of the late Benjamin Haws, 90 years 3 months.

In Portland, Jan. 3, Hon. Richard Odell, formerly of Conway, N. H., 97. Dec. 31, Francis C., wife of Mr Lewis Bolin, 30 21.

In Concord, N. H., Dec. 24, Mrs Mary Abbott, 85, and just three weeks after the death of her husband, Mr Samuel Abbott. They had lived together in wedded life 63 years.

In Richmond, Va., Dec. 25, Dr John Cullen, who long filled the Chair of Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the medical department of Hampden Sydney College, 53.

In Princeton, Ill., Dec. 8, of consumption, Francis H. Church, nearly 21, e'dest son of Rev A. B. Church, and recently a member of the Senior Class in Amherst College.

At Tuscarora Parsonage, Canada, Dec. 8, Eliza Beals, wife of Rev A. Elliot, Missionary to the Six Nation Indians, 31.

Died in Quincy, Jan. 2d, John Whitney, Esq., aged 64. He was the youngest child of Rev. Peter Whitney, who, for half a century, was minister to the First Congregational Church in Northboro', and brother to the late Rev. Mr. Whitney, who sustained the ministerial relation in Quincy forty-three years. The immediate cause of his death was injury received by slipping upon the ice a few weeks previous. He was born at Northborough, September 29th, 1785, and removed early to Quincy, where as school teacher and merchant, the active and useful citizen, and kind neighbor his life since resided, honored and beloved in all the relations of life.

Littell's Living Age. No. 296. 12½ cents.

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1. Jasmin—the French Barber Poet—Westminster Review.
2. Bernard Barton's Poems and Letters—Gentleman's Magazine.
3. More Private Correspondence of George III.—Bentley's Miscellany.
4. Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell Milton—Concluded.
5. A man's Power over Himself to prevent or control Insanity—Gentleman's Magazine.
6. A Word or Two on Port Wine—Westminster Review.
7. Poems by John G. Saxe—New York Recorder.
8. Death of "Father Miller"—Boston Atlas.
9. A Sense of the Divine Presence—Christian Observer.
10. The Seaside and the Fireside—Home Journal.

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New Books. Literary Remains of Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, with Portrait, 12mo, $1,25; Only, by the author of a Trap, 30 cts; A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam, new ed. 42 cts; Philo, by the author of Margaret, 12mo, 87 cts; Poems, by Miss Gould, new volume; Seaside and Fireside, by Longfellow, 75 cts; Sketches and Stories from Life, by Mrs. Lee, 62 cts; Richard H. Dana's Poems and Prose Writings, 2 vols, $2,50; The Christian Parent, by Rev. A. B. Muzzey, 75 cts; Winckleman's Ancient Art, 4to, with 19 plates, $3,00; Nature, by R. W. Emerson, 50 cts; Representative Men, by R. W. Emerson, $1,00; Sprague's Writings, 87 cts; Friends in Council, 75 cts; Consolatio, or Comfort for the Afflicted, 62 cts; A Week on the Concord and Merrimack River, $1,25; Canton and the Chinese Empire; by Tiffany, 83 cts; Boston Book, $1,25; Greenwood Leaves, $1,25; Lowell, Browning, Holmes and Tennyson's Poems, new editions.

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Rev. W. B. O. Peabody's Writings. Just published, in a new volume, from the pen of the late Dr. Peabody, entitled "Literary Remains," consisting of his Prose and Poetical writings.

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Also,—the Memoir and Sermons of the above author.

BENJ. H. GREENE,

jan12 3t 124 Washington st.

Mr. Livermore's Prize Essay. CROSBY & NICHOLS,—this day publish,—The War with Mexico, Reviewed. By Abiel Abbot Livermore, 1 vol, 75 cents.

This is the Essay, to which the American Peace Society, awarded their prize of Five Hundred Dollars.

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"James C. Ayer—Sir: I have used your "CHERRY PECTORAL," in my own case of deep-seated Bronchitis, and am satisfied from its chemical constitution that it is an admirable compound for the relief of laryngial and bronchial difficulties. If my opinion as to its superior character can be of any service you are at liberty to use it as you think proper. EDWARD HITCHCOCK, LL D.,

President of Amherst College.

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Dr. Brewster, of Windham Co., Conn., sends us the following testimony:—

Dr. J. C. Ayer—Dear Sir:—I enclose you a certificate from Mrs. Catherine K. Cady, a highly respectable lady of this vil age, wife of Mr. Seth Cady, Deputy Sheriff, Windham Co, Connecticut. The cure in her case was very prompt, and has attracted general attention.

W. A. BREWSTER, M.D.

West Killingly, Ct., Sept. 28, 1848.

This may certify that I was afflicted with a very severe cough in the winter of '47-8, which threatened to terminate in Consumption. I had tried many medicines in vain, and was cured by the use of "AYEER'S CHERRY PECTORAL." CATHERINE K. CADY.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell—Dear Sir:—Feeling under obligations to you for the restoration of my health, I send you a report of my case, which you are at liberty to publish for the benefit of others Last autumn I took a bad cold, accompanied by a severe cough, and made use of many medicines without obtaining relief. I was obliged to give up business, frequently raised blood, and could get no sleep at night. A friend gave me a bottle of your CHERRY PECTORAL the use of which I immediately commenced according to directions. I have just purchased the fifth bottle, and am nearly recovered. I now sleep well, my cough has ceased, and all by the use of your valuable medicine.

E. S. STONE, A. M.,

Principal Mt. Hope Seminary.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer—Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find remittance for all the CHERRY PECTORAL last sent me. I can unhesitatingly say, that no medicine we sell gives such satisfaction as your's does; nor have I ever seen a medicine which cured so many cases of Cough and Lung Complaints. Our Physicians are using it extensively in their practice, and with the happiest effects.

Truly yours, D. M. BRYANT.

PREPARED BY J. C. AYER, CHEMIST, LOWELL, MASS.

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W. T. G. Morton, M.D.

SURGEON DENTIST.

No. 19 Tremont Row, Boston.

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ask public attention to an improvement he has lately introduced in making gold plates for the insertion of *Artificial Teeth*, which is certified to by the editors of the following Journals, after having personally examined several different cases.

[From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

"Gold Plate Work in Dentistry. Those who are interested in the onward progress of the mechanical part of dentistry, will read the communication from Dr. Morton, in the Journal, of May 23d, with much satisfaction. We recently examined a specimen of the beautiful philosophical contrivance referred to, by which a plate, fitted to the roof of the mouth, actually sustained a weight of ten pounds, by the mere pressure of the atmosphere. If it is an old principle, it is certainly a very admirable one, which in this particular application, commends itself at sight. If our operators would obviate the swaying, sliding movement, which the tongue, in an imperfect cast of the region, gives to an upper set of artificial teeth, they would at once be influenced by the suggestions contained in this article. Dr. Morton deserves the thanks of practitioners and the public for this improvement in the practice of dentistry.

[From the Christian Register.]

"The publisher of this paper would bear testimony to the successful operation of this invention, having, on a recent occasion, tried with his own hands, to remove one of these plates, and found himself unable to do it without applying more strength than he deemed prudent, though requested to do. The opinion of the conductors of the Medical Journal, as to the importance of this invention, will be confirmed by the following quotation from a letter lately received by the proprietor of the Christian Register, from a highly respectable gentleman in Vermont, to whose wife a set was applied.

"The manner of fitting gold plates for the insertion of teeth, by Dr. Morton, as witnessed by you the other day, was recently put to a very severe test. A staple was soldered to the plate before it was inserted in the mouth, and the following weights were raised upon the patients' erecting the head, after a string had connected them together, without detaching it from the plate: First, 1 lb.; 2nd—2 lbs.; 3d—5 lbs.; 4th—7 lbs.; 5th—10 lbs. No heavier weight was attached, as it was feared it would irritate the jaw too much."

[From the Boston Courier.]

"The simplicity of the operation is only equalled by its beautiful and satisfactory effect. It would hardly be credited that a metallic plate, by being simply placed in contact with the palate, and unassisted by wires, rivets, or any sort of fastening, would adhere so firmly as not to be removed by a force nearly sufficient to draw a tooth. We chanced, a few days since, to be a witness of the surprising tenacity with which one of these palates kept its hold. As a matter of curiosity in pneumatics, we attempted to remove it immediately after it had been applied, and found that it resisted all the strength which we deemed safe to apply in experimenting upon the human body."

[From the Daily Evening Transcript.]

"Gold Plates in Dentistry. We have witnessed a very perfect contrivance recently effected by Dr. W. T. G. Morton of this city, by which gold plates are adapted to the roof of the mouth, so that an upper set of teeth is retained in its place without the aid of rivets or appliances of any kind, by the simple power of atmospheric pressure. So firmly was the plate attached by this process, that we could not by a strong pull with one hand, detach it from the mouth of the subject. The tenacity is such that the plate sustains a weight of many pounds without losing its hold. The process is as beautiful as it is simple."

[From the Boston Atlas.]

"We had an opportunity, a few days since, of examining the adaptation of a gold plate to the roof of the mouth of a young lady. It was done by Dr. Morton of this city, and reflects the highest credit on his skill, as a practical and scientific dentist. The plate was fitted with the most perfect exactness, and retained in its place with the greatest firmness, upon the principle of atmospheric pressure. Dr. Morton has succeeded perfectly in calling into requisition the element in which we live and move to aid in thus supplying a defect of nature upon a very simple, and at the same time, ingenious process. He deserves the thanks of the community for this successful application of his philosophic mind to the alleviation of the misfortunes of his fellow beings; and it adds another laurel to his brow, as a benefactor of mankind."

[From the Boston Weekly Journal.]

"We refer to a new modification of the principle of atmospheric pressure, for the purpose of retaining plates for the insertion of artificial teeth. The advantages of Dr. Morton's plates, are, that it may be applied in all cases, that its adhesion is immediate after its application; that no ordinary cause can detach it, as it will bear a weight of ten pounds without separating."

[From the Christian Alliance and Family Visiter.]

"Great Improvement in Dentistry. Dr. W. T. G. Morton of this city, has, after repeated experiments, succeeded, by a new philosophic application of the principle of atmospheric pressure, to hold the gold plate so firmly fixed in its position in the mouth, that it will sustain a weight according to the testimony of the Boston Medical Journal, of ten pounds. This improvement will obviate the great inconvenience which has hitherto been experienced during the process of mastication. We can testify to the value of this improvement by our own personal examination of the application of one of these plates. eoptf oct16

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The Teacher's Encyclopedia, as well as Lexicon for daily reference. Could a copy of it be provided as the permanent property of every district school, the effect would be deeply and extensively felt, in the increased skill of the teacher, and the higher attainments of his pupils. [William Russell, Esq., author of "Lessons in Elocution," Principal of the Merrimack (N. H.) School for teachers, and formerly Editor of the "American Journal of Education."

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At a meeting of the Board of Public Instruction of St. Louis, March 13, 1849,—"*Resolved*, That a copy of Webster's Unabridged Quarto Dictionary be placed upon the desk of each teacher of the St. Louis public schools, as a book of reference for teachers and pupils."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

LOST LEAVES.

"As I was coming to breakfast," said Mr. Green to his employer, "I saw a piece of Hall's fence down. As soon as the cows are turned into the pasture, they will make their way into his corn-field."

"A man must see to his fences, if he wishes to preserve his crops," said Mr. Williams.

After breakfast and prayers Green and Watson, who was also in Williams' employ, set out for the meadow, in which they were constructing a drain. When they had gone a little way, Green stopped, and turning to Mr. W. who was within hearing said, "Had 'nt I better step aside and put up the fence? that drove of cows will make sad work with the corn."

"Hall must attend to his own business, as I do to mine," said Mr. Williams.

Green and his companion went on their way. When they came in sight of the exposed corn-field, Green remarked, "If I were a Christian, I should go and put up that fence; and as it is, I should do it, if I were not at work for Williams: my time belongs to him."

"Hall has not treated Williams very well," said Watson. "I do not wonder that he is disposed to let him manage his own concerns."

"It is human nature to be sure, and yet one ought to be neighborly. I suspect Williams has lost some leaves out of his Bible."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he acts as he does. He professes to square his life with the Bible. Now the Bible, at least the Bible that my father used to own, had some such rules as these: *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Do good to them that hate you.* I can't say how much Mr. Williams loves himself, but if he does not love himself better than he loves Hall, he can 't be on as good terms with himself as most persons are. I can 't say but that he does good to Hall; but if he does, he sticks very closely to the rule not to let his left hand know what his right hand doeth. Judging from what I see of his conduct, I conclude he must have lost out of his Bible the leaves containing the passages I just now quoted, and some others like them."

"If we reason in that way, we must conclude that there are a great many leaves wanting in some folks' Bibles. But the fault is not in the Bible. None are perfect. Some have one failing and some another: we must be charitable."

"That is just what the drunken man said, when he wanted to be taken into the church; but the minister would not take him. We ought to be charitable; but if a man steals my pork, I do not think charity requires me to believe him to be an honest man and to treat him accordingly. And so if a man violates a fundamental Bible rule, charity does not require me to believe that he is a Christian."

"Don 't you believe that Williams is a Christian?"

"It does not become me to say who is, and who is not a Christian. I am a great way from being one myself. There are a great many good things about Williams. He is an honest man—perfectly so. I do not believe that he ever wronged a man out of a penny in the world.—He is liberal to the poor, is strict in keeping the Sabbath. Some of his apple trees once blew down on Saturday night. I offered to right them up on Sunday; but he would not let me, and so lost them all. He seems to want to do good sometimes.—I don 't know but he always does. The only thing I find it difficult to get along with, is his stubbornness. If he gets set against a man, there is no turning him. Now here is Hall. Williams won 't do anything to injure him to be sure, but he won't do anything to benefit him. Hall has been greatly to blame; but still there are the words of the Book. *Do good to them that hate you: But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.* I do not see any getting away from these words.

"There must be some way; for there is a good deal of hard feeling in the world among Christians."

"I don 't see how they can be forgiven: and a Christian with his sins unforgiven can 't be a thousand times better off than a sinner. But here we are, and must go to work."

After they had wrought for some time in silence, Watson looked up and said "I say Green, what is the reason, seeing you know so much about the Bible, that you are not a Christian?"

"There are a great many reasons—more than I can stop and tell you now."

"You must have studied the Bible a good deal?"

"I can 't claim any merit on that score.—What I know of the Bible I learned when I was young. When I was a boy, my father kept me at home on the Sabbath, that is, out of meeting hours, and made me read the Bible. Children were not allowed in those days, to range the fields, and orchards, on the Sabbath as they do now. Parents looked after their children more than they do now—maybe because there were no Sunday schools then—if so, it was all the better for them."

"It seems that your father did 'nt make a good man of you, after all."

"I am a better man than I should have been, if he had 'nt taught me to keep the Sabbath and read the Bible. I tell you Watson, I have passed through some pretty hard times, and I should have been an enemy to religion, if I had not known enough of the Bible to distinguish between genuine religion and its counterfeit. But I must not spend in talking the time that belongs to the man who hires me."

When Williams parted with his men in the morning he went to his pastor, to consult with him respecting some affairs which were required for the meeting house. When that topic had been sufficiently discussed, the pastor called the attention of his visitor to the condition of the spiritual edifice, and soon produced a deep conviction in his mind that some effort in relation to it was necessary.

Williams went home and retired to his closet, and made the matter a subject of prayer. Almost the first thing he thought of after he left his closet, was the exposed condition of his neighbor's corn-field. There was, apparently, very little connection between the corn-field and efforts for the conversion of men. After a few moments reflection, he went to the corn-field, drove out the cattle, which were just commencing their depredations, and put up the fence.—He then returned to the house, and felt strongly inclined to repair to his closet again and to make Mr. Hall a subject of special supplication. He did so. His next reflections were respecting the wisest way of approaching Mr. Hall, and of exhorting him to attend to the things belonging to his peace. [N. Y. Obs.

[From the Christian Observer.]

THE MINISTRY.

CALLS AND ANSWERS.

It is a wonder to many, that ministers are *always moving*. Men who have tried *moving*, see that there is not much profit or amusement in it. Why, then, do not ministers, like other men, settle and try to feel *at home*? A little explanation will strip this matter of all mystery.

If preachers have a taste for roving, I know their wives have not a high relish for that kind of sport. And generally, nothing but the most urgent necessity can overcome their aversion to *moving*. It frequently takes several little sermons from the husband, to convince the wife that they ought to go. I will suppose a case, which is but one among a thousand:

The Rev. Mr. Neverstill feels badly. His wife notices his despondency.

Oct. 1st.—He goes to his wife, and with a long face, says—

"Wife, I think we can't stay here. I fear I cannot be useful as a minister. My preaching, you know, is not well attended. I also understood that brother Knickknock is not satisfied.—He thinks they ought to get another preacher."

The wife listens and replies—

"Well, husband, I know things look rather discouraging; but we will find it so everywhere. This is a world of tribulation—and there is nothing I dislike so much as breaking up and moving. We have some good people here. I love them, and they want us to stay. Let us stay."

The husband sympathises with the wife, and for a time is nerved by her courage. But,

Nov. 1st.—"Wife, I think I can convince you that we ought to go now. I am told that some of our people are dissatisfied with you also. Sister Honeysuckle says you are too extravagant—that it will break any people in the world to support you. And sister Skuppernong says you think yourself better than common folks. Let us go where the people may feel more kindly towards us."

But this is not enough to start her. She says.—

"If this is all, husband, don't be concerned. People may talk in that way everywhere. I will try to demean myself in such a way, that I hope sister Honeysuckle and sister Skuppernong will change their minds in relation to me."

Dec. 1st.—The husband comes in, and with a sigh from a heavy heart—

"Wife, I do not see how we can stay here. The dissatisfaction is increasing. Brother Ficklefalter told me that he did not know how it is, but I am not popular among the Old School, the Methodists, the Baptists, or the Campbellites. And lawyer Pettifog and Doctor Humbug told him that if our people would get a preacher that would please them, they would attend church regularly."

Still his wife has a stout heart.

"Husband, let none of these things move you. Paul encountered false brethren and unreasonable men. You can't expect to please everybody."

Jan. 1st.—"Wife, I am at the end of my strength. I do not know what to do. Two or three of my brethren told me to-day that they can't wait longer for the money I am owing them. Indeed, I am ashamed to see them; the money ought to have been paid long ago. I calculated that my church would pay me what they had promised. But they say that when they circulated the subscription paper, they could not raise as much as they expected. And that now the times are hard. Cotton, flour, pork and every thing is down; and then the frost, the rust, the wet weather and the dry weather, the warm, the weavil, &c. &c., have made a perfect smash of what they intended to give to the preacher and to the benevolent societies. I see that my expenses will be from $200 to $300 more than I can realize here. We must suffer, or my honor and veracity must suffer."

"Well, husband, what can we do?"

"Why, our friends at Goodprospect want me to go there, and they say I shall be supported."

"Well, husband, we must go."

So says the preacher, and, at last, so says the wife. In a few days they tumble children and books into a boat, stage, or wagon, and are gone.

This is the brief, sad history of many a removal.

THE RIGHT FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

"James, you must not go over that fence," said Mrs. Mason to her son, who was with her on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Ward; "it is not right that you should do so."

"I know it, mother; I am only going to look over," said James.

"You had better get down," said Mrs. Mason. James did so at once.

The fence in question separated the yard in which James was playing from a peach orchard, which the owner had forbidden any one to enter. The trees were loaded with fine ripe peaches, and James thought he would climb to the top of the fence and look at them. He had no thought whatever of taking any of them. He knew it would not be right. Still he was right in promptly following the advice of his mother. It caused him to avoid temptation. We are not only to resist temptation, but to avoid it whenever duty will permit.

"I observed, sister," said Mrs. Ward, "that you never say anything to your son about the consequence of disobedience."

"I have taught him the fact, that sin will be punished; but I have avoided making mention of the penalty every time that I give a command. I do not think it wise to be dwelling constantly upon the penalty of disobedience. I think it interferes with the developement of the true principle of obedience. It makes the impression upon the mind of the child, that obedience is to be rendered solely to avoid the penalty of disobedience. That impression I deem to be a very unhappy one."

"Suppose you tell him he must not do a thing, and he asked you the reason why he must not?"

"I should judge from the circumstances of the case whether it is best to give him the reason or not. I have labored to teach him that the fact that a thing is wrong, is sufficient reason why he should not do it. I have always gone upon the assumption that I should give no higher reason why he should do a thing, than the fact that IT IS RIGHT. I believe we are to teach our children that they are under obligation to do right, and avoid doing wrong, irrespective of the reward in one case, and the penalty in the other."

"That may do with some children, but not with all. There are some who will not obey unless you hold up the penalty of disobedience before them."

"That is true; but it remains to be considered whether the case would not have been different, had care been taken to develop rightly their nature. It is rightly developed by exercise—by appealing to it. If we always act towards a child on the principle that RIGHT is the supreme law, that this is a self-evident truth, that we are under obligation to do right for its own sake, that child will never think of requiring a *reason* for doing right. I believe our moral nature is so constituted, that it will recognize the obligation, though from various causes, that obligation may not be met." [Mother's Journal.

"TOO POOR TO LIVE WITHOUT IT." A woman in the Mesopotamia of Maine sent her pay, recently, to the Christian Mirror, for another year's subscription to that paper, adding, at the close of her letter, that she was "infinitely too poor to do without it." There are some things in this world which people are rich enough to dispense with; they have so many luxuries that they can do quite well without certain necessaries; but who can afford to live without food? Whose mind is so poor that it can dispense with instruction? The truth is, men should, sometimes, make their very poverty a reason for exerting themselves to possess certain necessaries. They are too poor to live without them. So with the lady on Br. Cummings' list of subscribers. She has a mind to be fed, and there is no way in which a person can obtain so much food, and in so great a variety of forms, as by taking a good moral and religious newspaper. Two dollars will feed such a person one whole year with weekly supplies enough for the reception of every day in the week. When we hear a man—a *man!*—say he cannot *afford* to take the paper, we are inclined to tell him that he cannot afford to do *without* it. A man who is really *too poor* to take a paper, is like a person so emaciated by famine as to be too weak to eat bread.

[Gospel Banner.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

"I can never keep any thing," cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. "Somebody always takes my things away, and loses them." (She had mislaid some of her sowing implements.)

"There is one thing," remarked mamma, "that I think you might keep if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mamma, "keep your temper; if you will only do that, perhaps, you would find it easy to keep other things. I dare say, now, if you had employed your time in searching for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time; but you have not even looked for them.

"You have only got into a passion—a bad way of spending time—and you have accused somebody, very unjustly too, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear; when you have mislaid any article keep cool, and search for it. You had better keep your temper, if you lose all the little property you possess; getting into a passion never brings any thing to light except a distorted face; and by losing your temper, you become guilty of two sins, when you get into a passion, and accuse somebody of being the cause; so, my dear, I repeat, 'Keep your temper.'"

Emma subdued her ill-humour, searched for the articles she had lost, and found them in her own work-bag.

"Why, mamma!" she exclaimed, "here they are: I might have been sewing all this time, if I had kept my temper." [Penny Journal.

THEOPHILUS.

[Translated from Berquin.]

The young Theophilus had received from his father a birthday present of a book containing stories from Scripture, and ornamented with engravings.

Theophilus was so delighted with this book, that he read the greater part of it at once very attentively; he was particularly struck with the following passage.

"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him, he will hear their cry and will save them." 145th Ps. 18th and 19th verses.

Theophilus thought very seriously about the meaning of these words. He sat pensively at a table, leaning his head on his hands; he said to himself, "I am living in the fear of God, I say my prayers every day, and they are never granted. During the whole month that my grandmother was ill, I prayed for her recovery every day; and yet she died."

At this moment his father came in.

"Why! Theophilus, what is the matter? are you dissatisfied with the present I have made you?"

"No, sir, I am delighted with it."

"But you look very serious over it."

"That is because there is a passage in it I do not understand."

"What is it?"

"The Lord will fulfil the desire of all them that call upon him." Well I prayed every night and morning, that my grandmother might not die, and yet she died."

"My son, when you ask me to explain any thing to you, in your studies or your books, do I ever refuse you?"

"No, my dear father, never; you are always willing to grant me any thing reasonable and right."

"But when you ask for hurtful things?"

"Then you refuse me, because you say you know best what is good for me, and I always find out afterwards, that you have been right."

"And should you not have the same confidence in God?"

"To be sure; and still more, for he knows everything."

"If your grandmother's life, my son, was one of infirmity and disease, it was not to be desired for her, that it should be prolonged. God knows what is best for us, and acts accordingly, although we often think it very hard that our immediate wants and wishes are denied.

L. G. P.

DOING DUTY.

The editor of the New York Dispatch, in a review of Whittier's poems, says:—

"In looking through the volume, we fail to find several of Whittier's earlier poems—an 'Apostrophe to Clay' in particular. Our readers will remember it:—

"'Not fallen! As well the tall
And pillared Alleghany fall.'

That poem has given Whittier a world of trouble. In 1844, during the Presidential contest, it was reproduced, and run the rounds of the Whig press. Whittier protested against its publication, issued a card beseeching the editors to let 'Not Fallen' fall, that the verses no longer expressed his sentiments, that he had changed his mind; that—that, in fact, and to be candid, Mr. Clay *had* fallen in the poet's estimation.—Poor Whittier! did he think to light a fire on a dry prairie, and then extinguish the flames! The poem literally ran like wild-fire, and Whittier in chasing it, got clean out of breath. But this was not the worst of it. The admirers of Thomas H. Benton clapped his name over it, and compelled Whittier to maintain that Benton was as firm, strong and upright as

"'——the tall
And pillared Alleghany—.'

And to make matters more provoking, a country editor of the Democratic side, immediately after the defeat of Silas Wright, clapped that smart statesman's name to the 'Not Fallen,' and forthwith every Democratic paper in the State forced Whittier to assure the world that Mr. Wright was right side up. The history of this little poem is a curiosity in American literature."

Although the morality of the above perversions of the poet's verses was somewhat questionable, one could not but laugh to see a poem doing duty in so many causes. The fault evidently was in the poet in the first place, in writing so spirited a poem—if he had written trash like so many others do, he would never have been so pestered by his own verses.—[National Era.

LOVE. So strange, and passing strange, is it that the relation of the sexes, the passion of love, in short—should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators. People educate and legislate as if there was no such thing in the world; but ask the priest, ask the physician: let *them* reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. . . . . Must love be ever treated with profaneness as a mere illusion! or with coarseness as a mere impulse! or with fear as a mere disease! or with shame as a mere weakness! or as levity as a mere accident; whereas it is a great mystery and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality and happiness—mysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Why, then, should love be treated less seriously that death? It is a serious thing. . . . . Death must come, and love must come; but the state in which they find us—whether blinded, astonished, and frightened, and ignorant, or, like reasonable creatures, guarded, prepared, and fit to manage our own feelings—*this* depends on ourselves; and for want of such self-management and self-knowledge, look at the evils that ensue! hasty, improvident, unsuitable marriages; repining, diseased, or vicious celibacy; irretrievable infamy, careless insanity; the death that comes early, and the love that comes late, reversing the primal laws of our nature.—[Thackeray.

FAMILY NEWSPAPERS.

Few persons have any just conception of the extent of their indebtedness to the newspapers for the information they possess and the moral sentiments they cherish. Compared with any past age of the world, this is a remarkably enlightened period. A large portion of the people have a considerable share of correct information on almost all topics of real importance. Geography, history, the political condition of the world, astronomy, something of geology, chemistry as applied to agriculture and the mechanical arts, and many other subjects, are familiarised to the popular mind. Most persons can talk intelligently about them without pretending to learning or research.

But how did they come by their knowledge?—Not at school, not from books,—generally speaking, but by picking up here a little and there a little, from the family newspaper, in imperceptibly small instalments. Let any one ask himself where he obtained his knowledge of any particular fact. He is probably unable to tell, because it came silently, unpretendingly in the newspapers.

The same is true in regard to our best moral impressions and sentiments. They have been suggested, reiterated, and fastened on the mind by the press. The pulpit does much; parental instruction, in many cases, does much; but the press, more than either, often more than both. Let any reader of a well conducted paper, open its pages and consider thoughtfully its contents. There are in a single number sometimes 150 to 200 separate and distinct articles, each one conveying an idea, a fact or a sentiment, and stated or illustrated so as to produce some effect, either in enlarging the reader's store of knowledge or giving a right direction to thought, feeling and action. Must not all this have its influence, and in the aggregate a mighty influence upon the reader? We think so.

No reflecting man can fail to see that the fifty-two visits in a year, of a carefully conducted paper, intelligent, correct, elevated in moral tone, and withal interesting in its contents, must exert a great and blessed influence upon domestic life. Children growing up under such influence are far more likely to be intelligent, correct in their opinions and morals, and better prepared for the active duties of life, than they could have been without it. [Ger. Telegraph.

To the Editor of the Courier:

What shall be done for the Hungarian Exiles?

While the late Hungarian movement was going on, it was a matter admitting honest differences of opinion. There were some who thought it wise and right, some who thought it foolish and wrong, but I have heard of few who doubted the sincerity or the patriotism of those engaged in it. A number of these brave men have escaped to America, and it is likely that more will follow. What was before a question of opinion, has become now plainly one of duty. Something ought to be done for these men, and what should that something be?

There were many of us who, not thoughtlessly or hastily, espoused the Magyar cause. We had small doubt that the world would profit by the raising up of a half-strangled province into a free and energetic nation. We considered that order springs from the law of harmonious development, that it is the natural balance and gravitation of mutually-related activities, and that the state resulting from forcible compression is not conservation, but stagnancy and death. We trusted securely, therefore, that the cause of order would be strengthened by the independence of a people habituated to respect constitutional forms,—forms many centuries old, but which proved their vitality by a tendency to adapt themselves to the requirements at the time.

We accordingly gave to the struggling Magyars sympathy, remarkable at least for quantity, but whose quality remains to be tested. Sympathy is an excellent thing, and certainly does good to the person who gives it. In ruder times it found ruder ways of showing itself. Its wont was to case itself in mail, put itself in the saddle, and make itself felt by point of lance in a very sensible and practical manner. Nowadays it is a more etherial substance, but now, as then, it has a metallic base. After evaporation, the true thing always leaves a residuum, formerly of iron, now of gold. Shall we be content that ours leave behind it an epitaph of ungenuineness in a few stale phrases and a shred or two of fustian?

These Hungarian exiles have sacrificed everything. What we have dreamed of self-devotion, they have done. While our blood has been warming in the chimney-corner, theirs has been baptizing the battle-grounds of Freedom; and let us remember the Concord Fight had been none the less heroic, though it had preluded defeat instead of empire. Receptions in City-Halls are very well, and the jaws experience no mean satisfaction in masticating dinners to the honor of the unfortunate brave. But these are not welcomes becoming a great people—a people, which, beyond any other, combines enthusiasm with common sense. These are no ordinary emigrants. They are exiles whose feet might add a new consecration to the Rock of Plymouth.

If all those Americans who sympathized with the Hungarian movement when it bid fair to succeed, should contribute but a dime each, a fund would be established sufficient to put all those Magyars who reach our shores, beyond the need of charity, which is commonly shorter-lived than want. Alms are for beggars, but to heroic men every one of us owes a debt. Despotism spends money freely—liberalism should not give only words. Our political parties have organizations and local committees already existing, which might be made use of for the purposes of such a subscription. It is to be hoped that the national generosity needs only some such thread as this to crystalize round. Let it be emphatically a popular work of duty. Let all give something, and none give so much as to discourage others by comparison. Let the shares be put so low that every one may take stock in this National Debt. What way so noble of building monuments for Concord and Bunker Hill! Different nations pride themselves on distinctive national titles; why should we not earn for ourselves the beautiful Christian name of the Neighbor Nation by playing the Good Samaritan to whosoever has fallen among thieves?

J. R. LOWELL.

SELFISHNESS UNCHRISTIAN. Live for some purpose in the world. Act your part well. Fill up the measure of your duty to others. Conduct yourself so that you shall be missed with sorrow when you are gone. Multitudes of our species are living in such a selfish manner, that they are not likely to be remembered after their disappearance. They leave behind them scarcely any traces of their existence, but are forgotten almost as though they had never been. They are, while they live, like one pebble lying unobserved amongst a million on the shore, and when they die, they are like that same pebble thrown into the sea, which just ruffles the surface, sinks, and is forgotten, without being missed from the beach. They are neither regretted by the rich, wanted by the poor, nor celebrated by the learned. Who has been the better of their life? Who has been the worse of their death? Whose tears have they dried up, whose wants supplied, whose miseries have they healed? Who would unbar the gate of life, to re-admit them to existence? or what face would greet them back again to our world with a smile? Wretched unproductive mode of existence! Selfishness is its own curse—it is a starving vice. The man who does no good, gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit, nor seeing when good cometh; a stunted dwarfish, miserable shrub. [Rev. J. A. James.

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